JOHN BULL, JUNE 3, 1933

MARCONI WARNS MANKIND SEE PAGE 7

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1407.

JOHN BULL

You'll enjoy your

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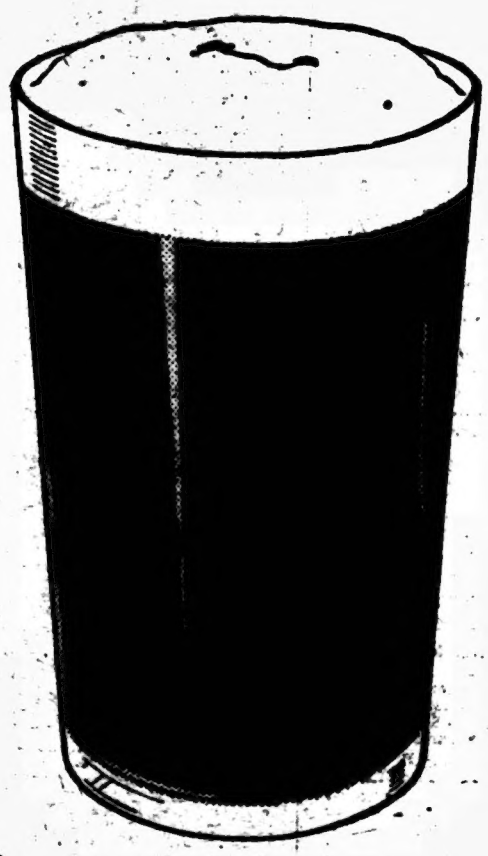

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TRADERS, Marketmen, Beginners, etc. Sell our Drapery Remnants and build up a good business for yourselves. Cotton Blankets, Wool Blankets, Towels, etc. Catalogue free. Traders must send trade card. Beginners state business. —Write to R. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 59, Whitworth Street, Manchester.

MAKE YOUR SHOPFRONT earn profit. The advt. of Abtex, Ltd. (on page facing) shows how it can be done at small cost.

SHOPKEEPERS, etc. Increase your income by selling RHINO-SOLE. A simple Boot Repairing Plastic Leather Compound. Trade enquiries invited. For further partics. see advt. on p. 3.

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TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH!!

A Genuine offer to *John Bull* readers.

There's extra money waiting for you through Messrs. Freeman's celebrated Spare Time Agency. Cash or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest stock in the Trade. Men in regular employment appointed agents on most generous terms. Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply of samples and illustrated Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars, mentioning *John Bull*, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London.

£ £ £ £ £s TO THE GOOD! EARN EXTRA MONEY THE IDEAL WAY! GET JOHN NOBLE'S STUPENDOUS NEW CATALOGUE. Truth in Advertising, backed by Honesty in Service. ORGANISERS WANTED FOR THE IDEAL CLUB. Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Super Bargains! Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for 396-page wonder catalogue and particulars. Never has so convincing a catalogue been available to club organisers. — JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

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AGENTS wanted, spare time, sell cut lengths, dress materials, remnants, shoes. Sale or return. Good comm.—Edmondson, 10, Hope St., Bradford.

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AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

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Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Employment Dept. Call (9-2) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

AMBITIOUS ENGINEERS WANTED to apply for our Free 250-page Handbook. Gives details of A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., G.P.O., etc. Exams. Outlines latest courses in Mech., Elec., Motor, Radio and Aero Engineering, and shows clearly where first-class vacancies occur each year. Send P.O. for FREE Handbook (immediately.—BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 454, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 29/31, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upward), write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commence over £4 per week. Ages 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

WOOLS.—Silky 1d., Sports 1d. oz. Crochet 2½d., 6-fold Rug 8d., Turkish 1/3. Cable 1/4½d. Thrums 6½d. lb. P.O. brings 600 spls. free.—Sowdie Wools, 188, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

1½d. OZ.—Printed pastel shades Crepe Wool, usual 6½d. Sports fr. 1d., Rug, 6d. lb. Samps. free, Newcastle Wool Co. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-Tyne.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready. Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

ASTOUNDING OFFER of Super Knitting Wools from 2d. oz. Samples free.—Easyknit Wools, 11, Bentley Street, Bradford.

WALLPAPERS.—Wonder Book of Patterns for 1933 sent post free. All papers English made.—Write to the original mail order firm.—Sidney Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 88-96, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

A REMARKABLE WATCH BARGAIN. — The original Shockproof Watch—the Watch that goes under all conditions—offered to readers for 6/- only by Messrs. Foyle & Co. in this week's "Shop Window," page 3.

YOU can always rely on "BOLENIUM" SUPER OVERALLS—worn by the man who knows! Although designed to stand up to the roughest treatment, they are smart and comfortable.—Further partics. appear on p. 26.

Leave *your* Truss behind

—and spend Holidays in Comfort this Year!

Join in the fun. Take your fill of health-giving exercise. Be gloriously free to run, jump and romp about with an easy mind—secure from rupture.

Our Illustrated Booklet about the BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE shows you the way. Send for it and learn about our wonderful Free Trial Offer and the BROOKS Guarantee which ensures the return of your money in *full* if not perfectly satisfied.

Relieve your Rupture—*AT OUR RISK*

When you feel the delightful buoyancy, perfect support and absolute comfort of the **BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE** you will marvel at its simple construction. It holds the rupture securely and firmly, is perfectly hygienic and *cannot* be thrown out of position. 2,300 medical men recommend you to wear it. Over 744,000 people have already accepted our NO RISK TRIAL OFFER.

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FILL IN THE COUPON—If you really want to make the most of your holiday—if you want to *forget* your Rupture—then spend two minutes filling in and posting the coupon below. You will thank us afterwards for putting this opportunity your way.

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

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If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society:

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POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27); height over 5' 9"), write for Free Police Handbook, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

SPARE-TIME £ £ £'S for enterprising men! Have you heard about the machine that makes money? It is illustrated in centre of page facing. Read all about it; then send to Mr. D. A. Adana for details of his special offer of Easy Terms.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads 3/6, 1,000 Handbills 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

FOR WEEKLY COMPETITIONS, use printed addressed envelopes, 50 for 9d. post free. State address required.—Tyleri Press, Abertillery.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

GARDENING.

GARDEN NETS.—Any size at 50 sq. yds. 4/-, carr. paid; tennis surrounds & playing nets, tents, list free.—Gasson's, Rye. 'Phone: 24.

HUTS and GARAGES on easy terms. Buy before prices rise. See advt. of South Western Appliance Co. on page facing.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIANS, Guitars, Grannes, Concertinas, Ukes., Banjos, Xylophones, Mandolins, Jazz.—Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-; 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal cash or terms).—Mrs. I. HOWARD, 46, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH AND FITNESS by Wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further partics. See advt. on p. 24.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA—Direct from Blenders. Superior Indian and Ceylon. Specially Blended. Cheap only in price—9 lb. 11/- carr. paid. Trial order will satisfy. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, Ldn., E.15.

TEA.—Choice Indian and Ceylon Blended, at Wholesale Prices. Loose or Packeted. Large or Small quantities. Send for price list and samples, Postler's, Dane Place, Bow, Ldn., E.3.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 2d.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-Consciousness.—Mr. Hirsch (J.B. 99), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

MR. SHADFORTH, best known of all dispensing Chemists, and whose prescription advertisements regularly appear in *John Bull*, has written a treatise on the Unemployment question. Every reader interested in this problem will find much of interest in the ideas expounded by Mr. Shadforth. A free copy is offered with any order for the pain-relieving remedies appearing in his advt. on the Back Cover (p. 36). Together with this treatise are included many valuable health hints.

FREE.—Prove to your own satisfaction and relief that "CEPHOS" cures headaches, neuralgia, insomnia, etc. Simply send a p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn, for a generous free sample. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 22.

FREE.—"Fenning's "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor." See p. 31.

A FREE SAMPLE of "FEEN-A-MINT," which banishes constipation, is offered in the advt. on p. 26. Simply chewed, it is pleasant to take, natural in action and not habit forming. No taste but pure, fresh mint.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IMPORTANT TO YOU. Before you turn over, read the interesting money-saving offers displayed in *John Bull's* "Shop Window." One advertiser is giving away Watch Chains, another is presenting cyclists with useful accessories, while yet another tells how you can earn money as a Club Agent. Read every ad. NOW. It's worth doing, and make a habit of "looking into" *John Bull's* "Shop Window" every week.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

A FREE BOOKLET explaining the "Litesome" new type hygienic Body Belt is offered in the advt. on p. 28.

HOW to make a ham sandwich more tasty and more digestible. See p. 25.

FREE.—A wonderful free holiday book explaining the beauties and attractions of BLACKPOOL can be obtained by writing to W. Foster (Dept. 6), Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 20.

FREE.—A de luxe beauty outfit containing the new TOKALON Toilet Preparations is offered in the advt. on p. 12. Simply send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., and address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422B), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

IT is always pleasant to enter a home where everything gleams with a cheery brightness. The use of "Mansion" Polish and "MIN" CREAM makes this so easily attainable. "MANSION" POLISH will impart a mirror-like brilliance to your floors, while "MIN" CREAM will give a lovely finish to the highly polished furniture and many other things about the house. And don't forget that the family shoes can always remain brilliant and in good condition by the regular use of "CHERRY BLOSSOM" Boot Polish.

TURN to Mr. SHADFORTH'S offer on the Back Cover.

THE attention of women readers is drawn to the "ALLURE" announcement on p. 27. This scalp hair restorer for face and body is offered on a seven days' test. If unobtainable locally write to the firm.

FREE.—Write to Agfa, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 14, Lawrence Street, High Street, W.C.2, for a free booklet, explaining all about "AGFA" FILM. It will also give you some amusement. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 31.

FREE CASH PRIZES.—Two Slogan Competitions appear on pages 16 and 25. Cash and Consolation Prizes are being awarded in return for good Slogans for PLATT'S V.G. SAUCE and PLATT'S MARMALADE. All readers have to do is to write their Slogan on the front of a postcard, cut out the coupons appearing in the advts., and send together with a label from either or both products. Read the parties. on pages 16 and 25 carefully, and send in your entries as soon as possible. Closing date, June 6.

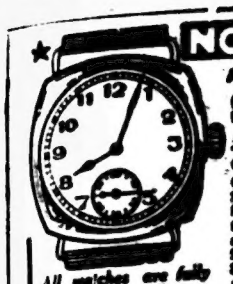
POST your films to W. R. ROSE, whose advt. appears on p. 30. Write for illust. list "J.B."

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Powder will be sent FREE to readers who write to the address in the advt. on p. 28.

FREE LEAFLET—how to use "ROBBIALAC" on (1) Cycles or Motor Cycles, (2) Cars. Send p.c. for the one you need to Robbialac Works (Dept. 2J.B.1), Stratford, E.15. See offer on p. 22.

HAVE you tried DR. WATSON'S Home-brewed Ale or Stout? Send 6d. for a large sample box. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 20.

EVERY READER ought to have a copy of the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.10), Hull.



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Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong leather strap. Bargain while stocks last. 27/6; luminous dial, 30/6. 3/- discount Cash in 7 days.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S WATCH.

Same jewelled accurate movement. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE and fancy dial, moire silk band. Wonderful value 26/6. Or solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Special line, only few left, 18-carat Gold-cased with moire band, 35/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you pay—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 + 1/6 fortnightly, 3/- discount Cash in 7 days. Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.), 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT DEAL

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27.

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RUPTURE

NO BALL or OVAL FRONTED PADS TO PRESS INTO AND WIDEN THE BREAK

This Low Appliance does away with understraps. It is a cleverly designed elastic belt with the famous Blunden pads, adjusted in such a skilful manner that the Rupture is held gently and firmly—giving great comfort and security, particularly to the lowest and weakest part. Test is FREE. Heavier Models for severe Cases. If insured obtain through your Approved Society.

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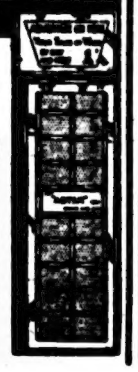

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WARRANTED TO WEAR FOR EVER

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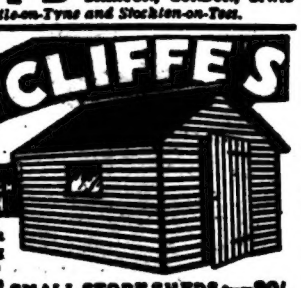

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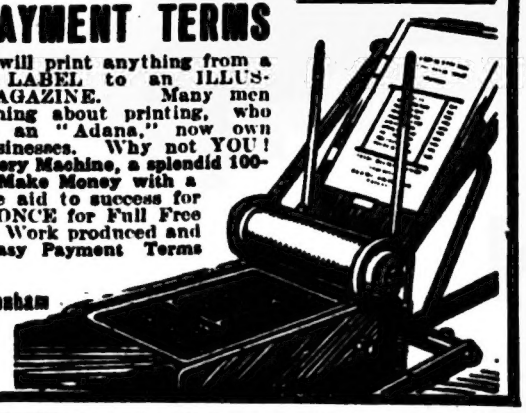

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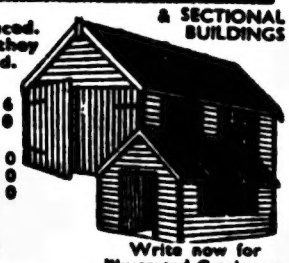

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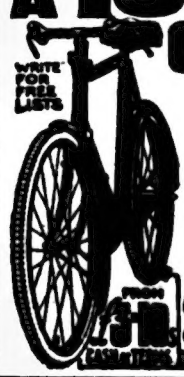

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30 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"
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GRAVE NURSING SCANDAL

A MOST shameful exploitation of the nursing profession, and, at the same time, a highly dangerous ramp on the public, is being practised to-day by some of the numerous organisations which hire out nurses to private persons, hospitals and nursing homes.

Many of these agencies, of which there are scores in London and the big provincial cities, are of course above reproach.

But others are run on the most objectionable lines, and should mend their ways or be wiped out of existence.

At present there is no control over them at all. Anybody can start them, without any qualifications whatever. And the nurses themselves, since as a body they are unorganised, are powerless to protect themselves.

It is true that there is in existence the Royal College of Nurses, with a membership of 28,000, but this organisation seems unable or unwilling to wage war on the deplorable conditions under which many nurses are now working.

Facts that have come to the knowledge of JOHN BULL leave no doubt about the widespread and growing evil of these dubious "Nurses' Co-operations," as these agencies are called.

Untrained . . . Yet the patient's life may depend upon the nurse's skill—

THEY make easy money by employing nurses at sweated wages and hire them out at fat fees ranging from three to six guineas a week. And, not only that, but they often pass off, as fully qualified, nurses who have had little or no training.

A case just brought to our notice is that of a young woman brought from Glasgow to London and engaged by an agency in the West End at the magnificent salary of fifteen shillings a week!

This girl, on being sent out to a case, was carefully instructed to say she was fully trained.

Her services were charged for at the rate of three guineas a week. And when she realised how she was being exploited she resigned, and was left stranded in London without the means to return to her home.

A trained nurse who is now running an agency on fair and decent lines but finds it difficult to do so owing to the methods of unscrupulous rivals, was approached by a London hospital and was asked to supply at short notice eleven trained nurses.

As she had none of her own available at the time she rang up another agency, which promptly sent eleven girls to the hospital.

SOON afterwards the matron suspected their qualifications and asked them to produce their certificates. Most of them were unable to produce any evidence to prove that they had been properly trained at all.

Yet the agency, employing them at a cheap rate, had shamelessly charged the hospital the fees for fully-trained nurses.

Luckily that matron knew her job. Otherwise the employment of unqualified nurses at the hospital might have had tragic results.

Another trained nurse has reported to us that she was engaged on a case where unqualified nurses were working, and four guineas a week was being paid for their services. They were being paid at such a low rate of salary by their agency that it was making a profit of £2 10s. a week on each of them.

Recently a nurse seeking employment was asked to sign an agreement at a fixed salary of £6 a month. She was to do private nursing, and would have free board and lodging at the agency only when not out on a case.

She was told that many nurses with similar qualifications had been engaged at that figure and less; but she refused to work on such terms, and was eventually engaged at four guineas a week, paying a commission of 10s. 6d. a week to the organisation on her engagements.

A matron at a well-known nursing home with thirty years' experience assures us that the employment and exploitation of unqualified nurses is a growing scandal. She mentions an instance when she was sent for a difficult midwifery case a nurse who had never been inside a hospital.

The danger of these monstrous methods is obvious. Patients may have their lives endangered by the ministrations of untrained nurses who have been foisted on to them as fully qualified to undertake duties that may mean a matter of life or death to the patient.

ONE remedy for this appalling state of affairs is for the nurses themselves to organise in such a way as to make the exploitation from which they are now suffering impossible in the future. Another is for the responsible nursing organisations, or, failing that, the Ministry of Health, to take steps to control effectively all nursing agencies.

As matters stand now the private nursing profession is largely run by these Co-operations, which are accountable to nobody. The disreputable ones must be compelled to pay the nurses on their registers adequate salaries, and cease to pass off, as many do, untrained girls as being fully qualified.

We urge the College of Nursing, the General Nursing Council and the Royal British Nurses' Association to deal with this urgent matter at once.

Otherwise we shall hear a great deal more than we already have done of late about tragedies in and out of hospitals that, with more skilled and careful nursing attention, might have been avoided.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Child Slaves who Work the Clock Round

WHEN *will* the Government find time to deal with the legalised system of slavery that permits boys and girls to be employed in this country for as long as seventy-four hours a week?

We have denounced this disgraceful exploitation of child labour before, and there is an urgent need for our doing so again.

There has been a whole crop of cases recently showing that certain unscrupulous employers compel boys and girls to work longer even than the seventy-four-hours' limit.

All-night drudgery

Only the other day a Halifax baker was summoned and fined £2 each on thirteen charges.

A girl of seventeen in his employ gave evidence that she worked in the bakehouse from five in the morning till 7.30 at night, without proper breaks for meals. A girl of sixteen toiled nearly as long.

And not long ago a great steel firm was fined a paltry £6 for employing a young lad on an *all-night shift*, from 8 p.m. until 8 a.m.

Outrageous, But—

The truth is that in dozens of trades boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen must work almost twice as long as their parents, often for a mere pittance as wages.

Every parent will agree with us that this is a wicked shame that should not be tolerated for a day longer.

Even Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, agrees. He told a deputation the other day that the seventy-four-hours' legal limit was "outrageous."

The limit

But Sir John does nothing. He pleads that there is no time this session for the necessary legislation to reduce the limit.

Well, his excuse is certainly the limit! The Government could find time to end the scandal if it wanted to. M.P.s should see that it does so.

And the number of Trade Board and factory inspectors should be increased, if need be, to see that the law is properly enforced.

M.P.'s dark game

What is Mr. Aneurin Bevan playing at?

Ostensibly to fight Fascism, this brilliant young M.P. is organising in all the Welsh villages and valleys detachments of young men to work under his sole dictation.

These "storm troops," or whatever they are to be called, must take an oath of allegiance, undergo physical training, and each detachment will include a first-aid squad. Communists are invited to join.

Well, Mr. Bevan is barking up the wrong tree. He will only encourage the Blackshirts—and run the risk of being accused of Hitlerism himself.

Drugs and murder

Deadly poisons, capable of killing people without trace, are still on sale at chemists throughout the country. One of them is not even labelled "poison."

"If ever I wished to commit murder, this is what I should choose," a London specialist has just declared.

And yet, despite our appeals for proper safeguards in the sale of these new and dangerous drugs, nothing is done.

Stitch in time.

We welcome the Home Secretary's action in making a start with prison reform, following our recent article warning the authorities of the dangers of a do-nothing policy.

Sir John Gilmour is now overhauling the staffing arrangements to prevent disturbances and escapes, has ordered closer supervision of food so that there will be no grounds for complaint, and is considering such reforms as shorter confinement in cells, more time in prison workshops, and so on.

Better late than never.

M.P. with a Mystery Army

Making Murder Easy

Just a boy, but his is a 74-hour working week. And it's legal

Protecting the public

Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, is right.

Right in bringing in a Bill to abolish the grand jury system, following the demand of Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., in JOHN BULL—right, too, in saying that one of the greatest safeguards in preventing injustice being done is a vigilant Press.

Lord Marshall is another peer who knows that the attendance of the Press at the courts is sufficient protection for the public.

Grand juries are wasteful, costly, and useless. No one will regret their passing.

Bitter victory

Mary Bambrough, eleven-year-old daughter of an invalid Newcastle man, was one of eight out of 103 girls to win a scholarship to a secondary school.

But she can't take it up, for her parents are unable to afford the necessary books and uniform.

The headmaster says it's a great pity, for Mary is a very promising pupil. It's more than a pity. There is something very wrong about a system that does not provide adequate grants for children like Mary, who are valuable future assets of the nation.

Left-handed

There's a good reason why Kettering Education Committee has forbidden its teachers to stop left-handed children from writing and doing manual work with the left hand.

For the medical officer has discovered that this often makes the children become afflicted with stammering! Other doctors agree.

Parents of left-handed children should not encourage them to use the right hand against their will.

Death to order

Michael O'Donnell, of Glasgow, called on the doctor who had attended his little son for pneumonia and declared that the child had died.

The doctor gave him a death certificate without seeing the "body," and O'Donnell proceeded to register the death and draw £15 insurance.

But the boy was alive, and the father had conceived this revolting way of making money through a weak spot in the law.

Now he has gone to jail for six months.

But his fraud will remain possible—to say nothing of more serious crimes—until the authorities surrender to JOHN BULL's repeated demands, and stipulate that no doctor shall grant a death certificate without examining the deceased.

Such is life

An elderly charwoman, who is a widow and the mother of thirteen children, was bound over at the Guildhall, London, for stealing £1.

She wrung her hands as she stood in the dock, but a detective's evidence was enough to wring one's heart.

"A woman of exceptionally good character," he reported. "Her total earnings amount to 10s. 6d. a week, and she has to pay 8s. 6d. a week rent."

What an abominable thing that such poverty should be tolerated in Britain!

A terrible problem

Few people would wish to face the problem that confronted Mr. F. Grange, a Salford signalman.

From his cabin he saw a man struggling for life in the canal. His feelings urged him to dash to the rescue, but he had to ignore them, for thundering along the line was an express, the safety of its hundreds of passengers dependent on his remaining by his levers.

He did the next best thing—he telephoned for help, though unfortunately it was useless and the drowning man lost his life.

Tragedy

A West London woman left hospital after an operation and waited in vain for the son who was to have taken her home. Then she learned that he had been knocked down and killed while on his way to meet her.

Grief-stricken, she searched many of the great hospitals, to find at last that his body was lying in the one she had just left.

If ever we are tempted to believe that our troubles are greater than those of other people, we should remember that tragic mother.

Gilded youth

Sir Percival Clarke, when sentencing a youth at London Sessions to two months in jail for stealing a car, remarked that the "bright young people" of the West End are not subject to any other than the law of the land.

We are very glad to hear it. Seeing how some of those bright sparks have behaved in the streets and "got away with it" made us wonder.

Anyhow, the young man in question didn't do so badly in getting only two months in the second division, had been previously convicted for cious damage to property.

A judge's feelings

A fatherless boy who had receiv compensation in an accident ca plied at Edmonton County Cou some of the money to pay his ex at a Boy Scouts' camp.

"Even a judge has a father's f sometimes," said Judge Crawford. I will allow him £8."

If only child delinquents were with in the same kindly spirit!

No chance for him

We wish, for instance, that Crawford had been on the Bench a Canvey Island boy of fifteen wa to an industrial home.

He had stolen a bicycle, and th secutor joined the weeping mot an appeal that the lad should be a chance to make good.

But the magistrates could appa think of no better way to teac boy a lesson than to shut him years!

Another queer parson

Last week we spoke our mind a parson who shot two dogs.

Of his kind is the Rev. Willink, of Shoeburyness, who off a cat that was sitting on a waste land by the side of his ho shooting it with a rifle.

"Clergymen are human being same as other people," his c pleaded. Well, we've a prett opinion of people, be they pars anyone else, who mutilate animals

Cheap cruelty

Then two youths were charg Mansfield, Notts, with setting do to a cat, which was so badly i that it had to be destroyed.

The parson was fined £1; th £2 2s. each, and we disagree wit penalties.

Such revolting cruelty d stronger punishment than pamby fines.

Still too much

We're glad the Court of Cr Appeal has reduced the senten Mrs. Stapleton, the Norfolk moth victed of false pretences and f

Allowed a grant of £6 a ye clothes for her daughter, who ha a scholarship, she had not spen of the money as directed and inn altered tradesmen's bills to inclu cost of goods she had bought fro sources.

We should have been more glad Appeal Court had not only reduc sentence of six months' hard la two months in the second divisi had released her altogether.

Biased jurors

We can well understand the in tion of Mr. Justice Bateson wh learned that a woman juror had disparaging remarks to the resp wife in a divorce case.

He rightly dismissed her fro jury, but ordered her to rem court.

Apparently she had religious obj to divorce, but if she had ex them to the judge at the beginn would have been released from on cases of the sort.

Spiting the children

Every year some two thousand sters of the Durham town of look forward to a day at the This year many will be disappo

Why? Because the annual in the Market Square, which raises £80 for the outing fund, h been banned by the local counc

Presumably the local councillo children themselves once—but long time ago that must have

The Marchese Guglielmo Marconi at work in his laboratory. "When we learn how to make the best use of our inventions, and learn how to adjust our lives to the changed conditions they bring about, we shall find that the world is better and not worse off for them," he says

MAN must BUCK UP!

says MARCONI

IT would seem perfectly natural to conclude that modern inventions and amenities of life have made the world a better, happier, more comfortable place to live in.

We have better lighted and heated homes. We have greatly improved and more comfortable means of transport and communication.

The range of manufactured goods at our disposal has increased during the last thirty years to an extent that is hardly realised by the ordinary man.

Practically the whole might and resource of modern science has been directed towards the definite end of making the world a more comfortable place for its inhabitants.

Yet, despite all this, can we truly say that people are happier—that the world has really become a finer place to live in? We have aimed at "Utopia," yet can it be said that we are any the better for it?

There is still strife among races, mistrust among nations, jealousy among classes, and, more than ever perhaps, great industrial and financial problems to face.

Elusive happiness

SO it would seem that mankind is far from happy in spite of all the good things scientists and inventors have brought us.

If this is so, it is because *civilisation has not yet adjusted itself to the new conditions.*

Just think of what would happen if we gave a large number of children high-speed motor-cars, explosives, and so on, and allowed them to do just as they liked with them. You can easily imagine the disasters which would result from such an experiment.

Our civilisation to-day is in the same position as those children would be.

We have not yet had time to learn how to make the most of all the wonderful gifts science has showered upon us. That does not mean that these things are useless, or that we should be happier without them. Far from it. In fact, I feel certain that when we have learned to make proper use of these new gifts this old world of ours will be a much better place to live in.

I admit that it is difficult to see how discoveries of science like poison gas, high explosives and that sort of thing can ever benefit mankind.

If one nation had the lion's share of armaments, its people would obviously feel happy in their sense of power, but the feelings of those of other nations would be anything but happy ones.

While, if every country possessed the same amount of these destructive weapons, the only conclusion one can draw is that if war broke out people would be killed off much more quickly and easily. It is hard to see the benefit of that.

On the other hand, inventions in the industrial world have certainly brought us great and widespread benefits. They have enabled many kinds of goods to be made so cheaply that they are available to classes of people who could never otherwise have possessed them.

Of course, many of these inventions have set us new problems; but is it fair to blame the scientists for that?

In industry we are now able to produce so much that we cannot sell it all, because we have not yet solved the problems of distribution.

Inventions in machinery have been perfected with the idea of giving us more leisure and enabling us to possess goods hitherto beyond our reach.

That may have meant, for example, that where a hundred men were once needed to produce a certain amount of goods, the same quantity can be produced now in even less time by twenty men. But that should not mean that the other eighty must starve. By necessary readjustments, like shorter hours, the whole of the hundred men should still be needed.

Friend of mankind

WE have widespread unemployment to-day, but in my view much of it is unnecessary. While we are learning to utilise the new benefits industrial science has bestowed upon us, much more should be done than is being done to organise temporary measures to absorb the unemployed on public works like slum clearance and road improvements.

These may not be things from which we can draw immediate dividends, but they will all eventually benefit mankind. In Italy the roads are now outrivalling English ones because of the work being done in this way.

In adjusting ourselves to the new conditions, we must realise that even unproductive work of public utility is better than no work at all. When we realise that, we shall no longer see a large proportion of the younger generation growing up without the discipline of work—a tragedy that every country should do its utmost to avoid.

Inventors in the field of aviation are certainly doing their bit towards bringing about a happier world. For by speeding up travel and making communication easier they are enabling all the peoples to know each other better. That will go a long way towards abolishing racial mistrust and the result of that mistrust—War.

In the same way, too, wireless is unquestionably the friend of mankind.

It is a great pleasure to me to think that the invention with which my name is associated has not been responsible for any unemployment, and has brought great benefits to the world.

Lagging behind . . .

FOR one thing, it has brought increased safety for ships at sea. For another, it has provided the most rapid means of communication, both over land and sea.

But more than anything else, it is teaching the nations to know more about each other than they ever knew before. Without that knowledge they cannot realise that the inhabitants of other countries are very much like themselves, facing the same problems and striving equally to bring about happier conditions in the world.

Moreover, wireless is an invention which makes home life more interesting. And, after all, happy family life and its preservation is the greatest foundation we have for world happiness. It is the man from the happy home who has the most sane outlook on life, who is the best of citizens.

I believe the short-wave length discoveries I am working upon now will make wireless conditions far better still. And that will be all to the good, I think, not only of wireless, but of mankind.

So, I think, the only conclusion we can draw is that when we learn to make the best use of our inventions, and learn how to adjust our lives to the changed conditions they bring about, we shall find that the world is better and not worse off for them.

When we realise how rapid inventive progress has been during the last thirty years, we can't be surprised that Man has lagged a little behind in the race to cope with the danger brought about by Machinery.

Man must buck up! Then we need have no fears for the future.

THE DECLINE of the ROMANY EMPIRE . . .

ENGLAND is

A gipsy stronghold in the forest, "but more and more of the camping-grounds are empty and deserted"

ROMANY is dying. . . .

Perhaps the Great War, which ended so many kingdoms, started the decline and fall of the Romany Empire, too. Anyhow, the fact is that every year since the war there have been fewer and fewer gipsy caravans on the road, more and more of the usual camping-grounds empty and deserted.

And even among the gipsies who remain, the old customs, the inviolate rituals of the race, are decaying and disappearing.

There was a striking proof of it recently when Gipsy Lee died at her home at Farnborough in Kent.

She was the Queen of the Southern Gipsies, a Boswell *and* a Lee, the twin tribes who are the blood royal of the gipsy race. Yet for many years she had lived in a bungalow and not a "living wagon"

A generation ago you would never have found a true gipsy living in one of our houses or bungalows. We are called the "gajo," and gajo houses are full of "mullos," as gipsies call ghosts. So every Romany has believed from time immemorial, and they would not stay a week in one.

To-day there are scores like Gipsy Lee who live in houses; and in forgetting the mullos they seem to have forgotten a lot of other beliefs also.

Gipsy Lee had a fine funeral, but it wasn't a gipsy funeral. Always when one of the race died, his or her caravan and entire possessions were burned at the time of the burial. That was the fixed and unalterable gipsy law, old as their history.

Law broke down

Until a few weeks ago . . . when all they burned at Gipsy Lee's funeral were her crutches. When it came to burning a bungalow the old law broke down. Perhaps because bungalows cost a lot of money in comparison with a caravan.

But what a grand gesture a bungalow bonfire would have made when the funeral flames shot up, proving the strength of the race and their ancient customs.

Yes, times have changed and so have the gipsies.

Our laws, the "gajo" laws, have had a lot to do with the change. Once the gipsies wandered free as air, keeping to their own laws and merely respecting ours, which scarcely touched them in any way.

Nowadays the long arm of the State encircles and controls them from birth. Gipsy children must go to school, attending as many hours as "gajo" children, learning more or less the same things, sitting for the same examinations.

True, they have special schools, special teachers. Like the Hurtwood Committee's school, for instance, on Winterfold Common, a famous but out-of-the-way beauty spot, near Guildford, in Surrey.

About fifty gipsy children attend from the near-by permanent encampment. The curriculum is different from the ordinary school and the teachers are specially trained in methods of imparting knowledge to these children in an interesting way.

At this school nature study, geography and kindred subjects take second place. They are already second nature to the gipsy child and on some of these subjects perhaps they know more than their teachers.

The three R's, once the least essential part of a gipsy's equipment for life, make up the major portion of school teaching. They are imparted to the gipsy children by the use of models from the familiar facts of their daily existence.

Scottish king

In Scotland a similar school is being established in the village of Yetholm, Roxburghshire. Like Mitcham and Farnborough in England, Yetholm is one of the last remaining capitals of the Romany tribes in Britain. They settled on this village as a permanent camping-ground centuries ago.

Here, some years ago, Charles Faa Blythe was crowned King of the Yetholm gipsies by Andrew Gladstone, the village smith. The village green of Kirk Yetholm was the "cathedral" where the coronation was performed, and Andrew Gladstone, who officiated, bore the title of Hereditary Archbishop of the Yetholm Gipsies.

Tourists often visit this village to see the "palace" of the King of Scottish gipsies, and the proclamation, spoken in the Romany tongue, is on view in the smithy.

Schools and permanent camps have wrought havoc with the gipsy habits and customs. Another factor which has helped to work a profound change is the disappearance or curtailment of many of their traditional means of livelihood.

The show business is the chief example. The travelling circus and side-show has always been the backbone of Romany's existence. But the kinema and more sophisticated pleasures have ousted much of the interest there once was in "fairs."

"Big business," too, has invaded the show business, and there isn't much room for the gipsy. Go to any of the traditional fairs which still remain, like the Nottingham Goose Fair or Hull Fair, and you will count gipsies—real gipsies—in tens where there were scores a few years ago.

Even at the Derby, the gipsies' annual El Dorado, there have been fewer and fewer each year.

Where have the missing Romany legions gone to? They have gone into the towns and villages, taking up the "gajo's" occupations and becoming more like him every day.

You will find gipsies working in the country factories at jam boiling, bacon curing and other rural industries. Some have set up as wheelwrights, carpenters and in similar trades. And they live in bungalows and cottages.

Quite a lot of the Romanys, in adopting townsmen's ways, have become exceedingly prosperous. Among the Beshleys, the Lovells and the Herons there are some members of these famous tribes who are gipsies only in name, and some are wealthy, judged by any standards.

There are quite a score of gipsies in Britain who are worth between £15,000 and £20,000—at least, they pay taxes on that basis; they may actually be worth much more. There are plenty of others who have possessions running well into four figures.

In their handling and disposing of this money is another proof of how gipsies have altered. Gone are the days when the "chal" trundled his cash and worldly possessions about with him along the highways and byways of Britain.

Houses in the bank!

His money now is in "bricks and mortar"—invested in house property. He has exchanged his knowledge of the devious ways of horse coping for a knowledge of the equally devious laws of property. There are gipsies who know as much about the law of mortgage as any lawyer.

They are constantly on the look-out on their journeys up and down the country for a nice profitable bit of pro-

A charming study of a care-free people by the well-known authority on gipsy lore, Dr. Habberton Lulham

LOSING its Gipsies

A Romany woman prepares the midday meal—succulent roasted hedgehog

perty, and they know it when they see it. They are perpetually advancing money on house and office mortgage, living on the proceeds and accumulating it for their children.

It is an interesting point in this connection that the bulk of Gipsy Lee's fortune, variously put at between £5,000 and £15,000, was invested in house property at Brighton. She owned at least three large houses, well placed in that popular and prosperous resort.

How the old-time gipsies would have shuddered at the foolhardiness of their descendants sinking their money in the "mullo" haunted houses of the "gajos"!

Another sign of the changed attitude of the gipsies to their ancient customs and beliefs could be seen last week.

May 25 was the festival day of the patron saint of all Romany, St. Sarah the Egyptian. For centuries thousands of gipsies from all over Europe have made a pilgrimage on that day to the tiny church of SS. Maries de la Mer at the mouth of the Rhone, in France, where her relics are supposed to rest.

Beautiful ceremony

Hundreds of English gipsies, however poor, used to make the journey every year up to 1914, but every year since there has been a speedy decline in the number of pilgrims. This year cross-Channel companies and other observers did not report a single booking.

The gipsies always used to find some way of getting across to France before the festival day. When they could not afford the cross-Channel steamers, they went by fishing trawlers and by the "onion boats" which run into South Coast ports from Brittany.

Whole families departed together, sometimes taking the living wagon with them. And, arriving in France, they would start the long trek down to the Rhone.

They always took with them great masses of wild flowers, gathered from English hedgerows, which they tended and preserved during the journey. These flowers played a part in the ceremonies, very beautiful and simple, on the festival day.

On that day the whole church of SS. Maries de la Mer was given over to them, and they carried through peculiar rites of adoration before the relics of the saint, using fire and water.

Then, later in the day, a huge procession was formed from the church to the seashore. Here the pilgrims set a boat afloat, loaded and covered with the wild flowers of all the countries from which the pilgrims had come.

As night fell they lit bonfires and held a feast, dancing the wild music of the ciganys, the Hungarian gipsies, while the flower-laden boat drifted out of sight across the darkness of the sea.

But the festival served another purpose almost as important as the religious aspect. It served as the marriage market of Europe's gipsies.

There the young men and women met each other, the respective parents haggled over the finance of the forthcoming matrimonial transaction, and when at last the festival ended many young English male gipsies would leave for home with a bride from Spain or France or Hungary, and many English gipsy girls would leave with bridegrooms from those countries.

The ceremony was not a complicated matter. It was held according to gipsy rites "across the tongs"—linked hands across the fire—and, for all the fact that the Church and State were seldom invoked to give their blessing, the gipsy marriage was as binding as any "gajo" ceremony.

Here, again, times have changed. Although the gipsy marriage still persists among those remaining on the road, the pact is now almost invariably sealed at a register office.

The great festival on the saint's day is now no more, and with its passing there is intensified the gravest menace which Romany has to face—the menace of intermarriage among members of the same family or tribe.

Intermarriage peril

The virility of the race has been declining for many years owing to this cause.

Strange diseases manifest themselves and persist in the children of certain families who are strongly intermarried; there are some tribes who have upwards of a thousand members all bearing the same name. Children with baffling and incurable bone and joint diseases are being born into these families out of all proportion to the numbers of the tribe. Feeble-mindedness is rampant.

The great trek, with its resultant influx of new blood, helped a lot to keep this decay in check. Now it is over there are signs that the progress of degeneration is accelerating and the immigration laws, which were introduced after the war, have made matters worse.

Gipsies in other countries are also declining as a race—drifting into "gajo" ways and decaying. In some countries those that remain gipsies are already being treated as a menace.

Hungary and some of the Czecho-Slovakian States, for a long time the fount of all Romany, are petitioning the League of Nations to set aside an uninhabited island to which gipsies should be sent. They are considered to be a danger to the health of the State, unamenable to education or the law.

We had some specimens of that type of gipsy in this country not long ago.

At Crawley, in Sussex, last year three Greek or Roumanian gipsies—Michael, Stephen, and Mary Sterio—were bound over and ordered to be deported following an impudent fraud on a bank, through which they obtained £35.

Prison's mark

A few weeks later they reappeared hundreds of miles north before the court at Banff, in Scotland. They were charged with stealing £4 from a garage, £17 from a shop, and £160 from a bank at Keith, all by fraud.

An astonishing scene took place in the court when the accused gipsies were brought in. All three were in a state bordering on collapse. They sat in the dock with their heads lolling over the rails while the charges were read. The three pleaded guilty, but when they came to signing their pleas they had to be supported to their feet.

Afterwards they sank down in faints and some gipsy relatives had to enter the dock, sitting there with their arms round the accused while the case went on.

A letter was read from the doctor at Banff Prison stating that all the prisoners were in a serious condition through their prison confinement. They could not take food, and he had been compelled to let the men sleep in the prison yard because they could not sleep in the cells.

If they were sentenced to a term of jail, he said, their lives would certainly be in great danger.

In the face of that statement the court would not take the responsibility of sending them to prison, as no doubt they deserved, and they were let off with a fine of £25

No one seems to know whether they were eventually deported, or whether they are still here robbing the community What can you do with a people like that, except to put them on an island out of harm's way?

Ugly episodes

Our English-born gipsies fortunately know better. But there have been several incidents lately to show that some of those that still remain on the road, while they have changed, have not changed for the better.

Ugly, unaccountable episodes, some of them! Like the affair at the Derby a year ago, when for some unknown reason a horde of young gipsies suddenly drove their horses through a crowd, which included women and children. Many were hurt, and police had eventually to draw their batons. Several gipsies were arrested and later severely punished.

Again, there have been numerous sanguinary affrays in gipsy camps and on racecourses reminiscent of the race-gang outrages which were stamped out by the police some years ago. Several brutal sex assaults have also to be recorded against gipsies, a thing unknown among healthy, trouble-free Romanys of a generation ago.

This is not to accuse all gipsies of such conduct. The Lovells, the Lakes, the Faas and Blythes of Scotland, the Boswells and Standleys, the Lees and Youngs, true British gipsies, say that such happenings are not the work of pure gipsies, but of "paddin-ken coves" or dosshouse tinkers.

A changing race

Yet the authorities are now fast declining to make a distinction, and the fact that these episodes take place at all is another proof of how much the race has changed from the romantic simple-hearted wanderers of whom George Borrow once wrote.

If he were alive to-day, he would have to rewrite his "Romany Rye." And its new title, parodying Gibbon, might be: "The Decline and Fall of the Romany Empire."

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MARLENE DIETRICH

Leave the Trousers Alone!

MY DEAR MARLENE,—So you are in trouble, this time about your trousers. Well, you should not wear them.

Have you, too, fallen at last for all this publicity bunk? Cannot you get your name in the paper any other way?

You are one of the most intriguing of all the world's actresses. You are very beautiful. You are very, very clever.

And yet, after months and months, during which you have been the victim of publicity, not of your own making, you walk right into it, in a pair of trousers

I am ashamed of you. You should leave this sort of thing to all the silly would-be stars, the baby-faced nothings, the bleaters, the blah-lambs.

I only met you once, and then very briefly. You came to London when they first showed "Morocco," a really well-made picture with a very silly ending. Yes, why did you have to wear high-heeled shoes while walking across the desert?

But, short though was our meeting, it was quite long enough for me to realise that you were one of the few film stars who have brains, character, a degree of culture and a personality that is not merely fake.

* * *

Every few months or so, our newspapers, like those in the States, from which you have recently come, have been filled with stories of your quarrels and your adventures.

I should like to explain to you, in case you do not know, that if you were making pictures over here, or appearing on the London stage, you would escape all this. In England, we do not originate scandals, or print sensational stories about Elstree's so-called stars who have "walked out" on a picture, or overpaid nonentities who have slapped a director's face. This would more or less be true of German newspapers, and those in France.

But, in America, they print the wildest statements about all that sort of thing. Then it is cabled over, just as though it were all true, and it is used, in all seriousness, by London newspapers who would not believe it if it happened at Elstree, or Cricklewood, or Shepherd's Bush, and who, if they did believe it, would, even then, refuse to give it publicity.

* * *

The world does not know the extent to which it is governed, nowadays, by America's delight in screaming headings and frantic over-frankness.

You have been accused of being a rival to Greta Garbo. You are not a rival. You are her superior. It is not your fault if excited girls fail to see that, while you are an actress, Greta Garbo, in whatever parts she is playing, merely acts herself. You change your character. She changes her clothes.

Now, why we are excited about all this trousers business I do not know. First of all, it was said you wore trousers. Then it was denied. Then they used photographs of you wearing them, to prove that you did.

Then you wore them to Europe with the extraordinary result, in Paris, that while Reuter cabled to London, "Marlene Dietrich has taken Paris by storm," the British United Press cabled, "Marlene Dietrich was jeered by a large crowd."

During the war, women wore breeches behind the lines in half the countries of Europe. In England, farm girls put them on. They were more comfortable. Kennel-maids all wore them. English women adopted them when they went riding.

When I was returning from Egypt, a few weeks ago, and there were two English girls on board wearing blue serge trousers, no one gave them more than a passing glance. At Margate and at Brighton, last summer, scores of girls wore beach pyjamas. They will do so this summer. No one will laugh or jeer. It will not stop the traffic.

Why is it that, because you suddenly have worn them, half the world seems to get excited?

Vesta Tilley wore immaculate male attire on the music-hall stage thirty years ago, and looked most fascinating. Her imitators have done it ever since.

Cecily Courtneidge has looked wonderful as a young Guardsman. Beatrice Lillie used to wear on the stage male evening dress. No one screamed or fainted

The trouble about your trousers is, of course, that it will start hundreds of women doing it—women who merely ape what they think is a new sensation and succeed only in looking ridiculous.

* * *

Now, do not get me wrong. I am a dramatic critic of some experience. I know your performance in "The Blue Angel" is one worthy of ranking even with that of Emil Jannings. I saw you in "Dishonoured" and in "Morocco," and, in both of those pictures, your talents equalled your very exceptional beauty.

You, of all women, should refrain from banging a publicity drum. If they like to say that you have quarrelled with Josef von Sternberg let them. If the scandal-mongers and home-breakers accuse you of having caused Maurice Chevalier's divorce, well, that is part of the price you have to pay.

But, for heaven's sake, keep out of it as much as you can. "Publicity" is one of the great curses of this age. It is childish. It is stupid. It is the theatre's greatest enemy.

Your great abilities, and your almost unequalled charms, have ranked you among the great artists of the world. Few of them are worthy to touch the hem of your skirt. So, while you wear a skirt, you will be safe.

I would not risk trousers if I were you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—I can imagine no meaner extortion than to make holders of the Victoria Cross pay income-tax on the modest annuity awarded with the decoration.

The £10 they receive a year is classed as "earned income." Yes, very well earned. So, in honour's name, stop this shameful levy on valour!

JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. W. R. INGE,
Dean of St. Paul's

DEAR DEAN,—Once again you have been talking through your hat.

You said it was a terrible thing that the deaf and dumb should be allowed to marry as their children would presumably be similarly afflicted. But the chairman of the Deaf and Dumb Association replies that 95 per cent. of such children are perfectly normal.

Had you verified your facts before speaking you would not have brought distress of mind to people who already suffer enough.

JOHN BULL.

Miss BETTY TWEDDLE,
Seaton Sluice, Northumberland

DEAR BETTY,—Your offer to marry any man under any conditions for £200 does more credit to your heart than your head.

You want the money to send away your little sick sister for treatment, to educate your brother and help the rest of your family generally.

Frankly, I am glad your parents sternly disapprove and I hope your offer is never accepted. For remember that you would be doing a bad turn to those you love if, at the age of twenty, you entered a partnership that proved unhappy.

JOHN BULL.

LORD IRWIN,
President, Board of Education

DEAR LORD IRWIN,—The latest form of education economy is to leave the pupils in secondary schools to teach themselves certain lessons, instead of having teachers to guide them.

"This," you say, "will result in a substantial saving of teaching power."

But you would save still more by scrapping teachers altogether and letting the children teach themselves all their lessons. Hasn't that occurred to you?

JOHN BULL.

BERTIE PHILLIPS,
Milford Haven

LOUT,—Your two companions were drowned when a dinghy upset in a rough sea and probably you would have shared their fate had not a man plunged in and helped you.

Yet, at the inquest, you denied that you had received assistance.

The man was Alfred Charles Wilson, a Lowestoft fisherman, recently discharged after nine weeks in hospital. Because of your ingratitude I should excuse him if he regretted having risked his life for you.

JOHN BULL

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY,
Leader of the Opposition

DEAR MR. LANSBURY,—You must be pleased that the Office of Works opened the Lansbury Lido in Hyde Park a week earlier than the official date because of the fine weather.

It would have been still better, I agree, to have opened the Lido directly the hot spell arrived.

But let us be thankful that red tape is obviously not quite so red as it used to be!

JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY,
Royal Humane Society

DEAR SIR,—I am particularly pleased to see that you have awarded the society's silver medal to a Fijian shell diver.

When a girl was seized by a shark, this native dived to her rescue. Dragging her from the monster, he held her above the water and beat off the shark with his spear.

That you have honoured him is not only a compliment to his bravery, but proof that your society regards heroism as being above all barriers of race, colour and creed.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Very wisely you are ending the stupidity of demanding pleasure cruise passengers to furnish full particulars of themselves, even when they are just sailing from one port to another.

What interest could you have had, for instance, in their occupations?

You should turn your attention next to the passport anomalies, which are equally ridiculous.

JOHN BULL.

Sir NORMAN WALKER,
General Medical Council

DEAR SIR NORMAN,—I welcome your stern warning that fees must not be split between medical consultants and general practitioners.

The payment of a secret commission to the doctor who advises a patient to consult a specialist is a practice that is obviously open to abuse, and I hope your statement that it is against the public interest and is forbidden by law will speedily bring it to an end.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE YOUNG,
Luton

FOOL,—You became a slave to popularity, it is said, and treated friends to drink when you couldn't afford to do so.

A middle-aged postman, you began to steal from letters to bolster up your vanity. Now you have gone to jail for nine months.

I'm not sorry your pride has had such a disastrous fall, and I hope that others like you will learn your lesson.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HARTINGTON, M.P.,
Eaton Square, London, S.W.

MY LORD,—Wirksworth Council has asked you to support a resolution urging the Government to grant out-of-pocket expenses to those councillors who have to travel from a distance to public assistance and assessment meetings.

In your refusal you suggest that the practice would inevitably entail abuse.

Well, I dislike "joy-riding councillors" quite as much as you. But this is another matter. All councillors can't afford to pay their own expenses, and why insinuate that they may be potential swindlers?

JOHN BULL.

Why doesn't RAMSAY Speak?

asks

A. G. Gardiner

I DID not hear Lord Snowden's attack in the House of Lords on Mr. MacDonald, but I gather from those who were present that that staid Chamber was very much disturbed by its ferocity.

It was not the occasion alone that accounted for the passion of the utterance. Few men are more dissimilar in opinion and character than the Prime Minister and his late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their relations have never been cordial. Now that they are no longer hitched together in the shafts of the same chariot, their natural feelings about each other may be expected to find expression.

But whatever view we may take of the personal quarrel between them, it must be admitted that the occasion called for plain speaking.

For what are the facts?

We are within little more than a week of the assembling in London of what will be the most extraordinary gathering in human history. Sixty nations will be assembled through their representatives to find a way out of the chaos into which the world has fallen.

If the way is not found, if the Conference breaks up without a common agreement being reached, the chaos, so far from being reduced to order, will be aggravated, and the future of civilisation itself will be jeopardised.

Yet with little more than a week to go before the Conference is opened, no one has the vaguest idea of what is going to happen.

There is no British plan of campaign visible. There is no American plan of campaign visible. There is no plan of campaign from any quarter visible.

This Conference has been in contemplation for months. Its need has gathered urgency from the terrific momentum of events.

Lord Snowden spoke plainly, but—

Ominous outlook

It was in order to prepare the ground that Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot paid their flying visit to Mr. Roosevelt at Washington in the Spring. It was in order that the Economic Conference should be launched with a prosperous wind that the Disarmament Conference was speeded up. Settle disarmament, was the watchword, and the solution of the economic problems will be easy.

But the nearer the World Conference approaches the more ominous becomes the outlook.

It is not disarmament that is the immediate cause of disquiet. Things at Geneva, at the moment of writing, have taken a turn for the better. Germany's bluff has been called and she no longer blocks the way to the acceptance of the British plan of disarmament. America, through Mr. Norman Davis, has gone far towards abandoning her policy of "isolation," and in doing so has made the British scheme more workable and efficient. France still demands an armed League of Nations as the guarantee of her "security"; but threatened with isolation she is not likely to wreck the Conference.

In short, an agreement is in sight.

But the clearer sky over Geneva has not lifted the fog over London. That fog thickens. One cause of it is the uncertainty that envelops the debt question. Just as the Conference assembles America, as the position stands, will send in her demand notes to her creditors. She will ask us to pay £20,000,000 due on June 15.

—the Premier prefers silence

What are we to do about it?

Mr. Chamberlain, assuming that America would declare a moratorium, has made no provision in his Budget for the payment. But America, it is clear, is not going to grant a moratorium. Mr. Roosevelt would like to do so; but Congress won't let him. Will our Government pay? Ought it to pay?

There are three courses before it. It can refuse to pay, as France refused last December, and as she will refuse next month. It can offer to pay if America will take the payment in goods. Or, fearing the effect of repudiation, it can pay in gold as it paid last December.

Nobody knows

No one knows what the decision is to be. My impression is that we shall funk repudiation and pay.

It will be a mistake, for this vast transfer of currency will aggravate the situation with which the World Conference is being called to deal. It will leave the problem of debts still unsolved. It will offend France, which thinks we ought to act as she is acting and present a common European front to America on the subject.

It is not certain that it will please Mr. Roosevelt. If we defaulted, it would relieve him of a struggle with Congress when the next payment falls due in December. It would compel Congress to face the fact that this debt business cannot go on for ever.

But whatever the decision, it will throw a shadow over the meeting of the World Economic Conference. It is not the only shadow. The main purpose of the Conference, as I understand it, is to restore world trade.

World trade is perishing and world society is perishing with it. Take two facts. Allowing for the depreciation of the £, our imports last year were worth only £470 millions against £861 millions in 1931 and £1,220 millions in 1929. Exports were down in the same proportion. The international trade of the whole world in 1932 amounted to £2,000 millions (gold) against £7,200 millions (gold) in 1929.

This extinction of world trade is the sole cause of the wave of depression and unemployment that has submerged the world. How is that process of extinction to be checked?

There is only one remedy. It is to remove the obstructions which are blocking the channels of trade. Tariffs must be abolished or lowered, the wretched quota system must go, currencies must be stabilised and the free exchange of money and goods must be restored. We all know this and the World Economic Conference is summoned to achieve this and nothing else.

Tied hands

But what is the promise of the end being accomplished? It is true that Mr. Roosevelt's tariff truce has been accepted by us and by other nations *pro formâ*. We have accepted it, France has accepted it, everybody has accepted it. But there is not an atom of evidence that anybody anywhere is going to strike at the root of the upas tree that is blighting the world.

We have involved ourselves up to the neck in tariffs and quotas just when the world most needs deliverance from those deadly fetters. Our hands are tied, our mouth is shut. We have joined the suicide club of Brigadier-General Page Croft and Mr. Amery. We have no plan for the World Conference for we have no world policy.

Nor does America show any promise of giving the Conference a lead out of the wilderness. Mr. Roosevelt's chief adviser, Mr Moley, has been warning America that her prosperity must be won at home, not abroad, and that she must not look to the World Conference for the recovery of her trade.

No wonder Lord Snowden is angry and alarmed.

I do not approve of the terms of his attack on Mr MacDonald, but I share his fear that, unless the British Government rises to the height of this great argument and opportunity, the World Economic Conference, like the mountain in the fable, will bring forth nothing but a mouse.

Not from the B.B.C.—Admiral R. H. Leigh, C.-in-C. of the U.S. Fleet, on—

Nautical Naughtiness

I AM Commander of the U.S. Fleet,
I'm Admiral R. H. Leigh;
But I hope you won't conclude
That my style is rough and rude,
With the salt tang of the sea.
On the contrary, I teach
Due restraint in thought and speech
And eschew profanitee—
So give three cheers, then one repeat,
For the well-bred ruler of the U.S. Fleet!

I strive to cultivate a mien refined,
Though ancient sea-dogs jeer;
And nobody has heard
Me employ a vulgar word
In the course of my career.
And no sailor is so rash
As to mutter "Blow!" or "Dash!"
When I am lurking near—
So cheer, boys, cheer, since 'tis agreed
I've set a fine example to the Bulldog Breed.

Anybody who expects me to conform to sea-going tradition by shivering my timbers, blasting my binnacle and performing similarly exotic operations will be grievously disappointed.

Only last week I issued an order directing "that all commanding officers take immediate steps to eradicate the undesirable habit of profane language" and in future stern disciplinary action will be taken against offenders.

There is no good reason why those who serve in the blue water school should strive to qualify for diplomas in the blue language school, and my sea-dogs are already learning to bark like sucking doves.

A significant incident occurred a few days ago when a jolly Sam Tar accidentally dropped a bucket of paint on the bo'sun, who, although, not unnaturally, annoyed, contented himself by remarking: "Really, Cyril, that was extremely careless!"

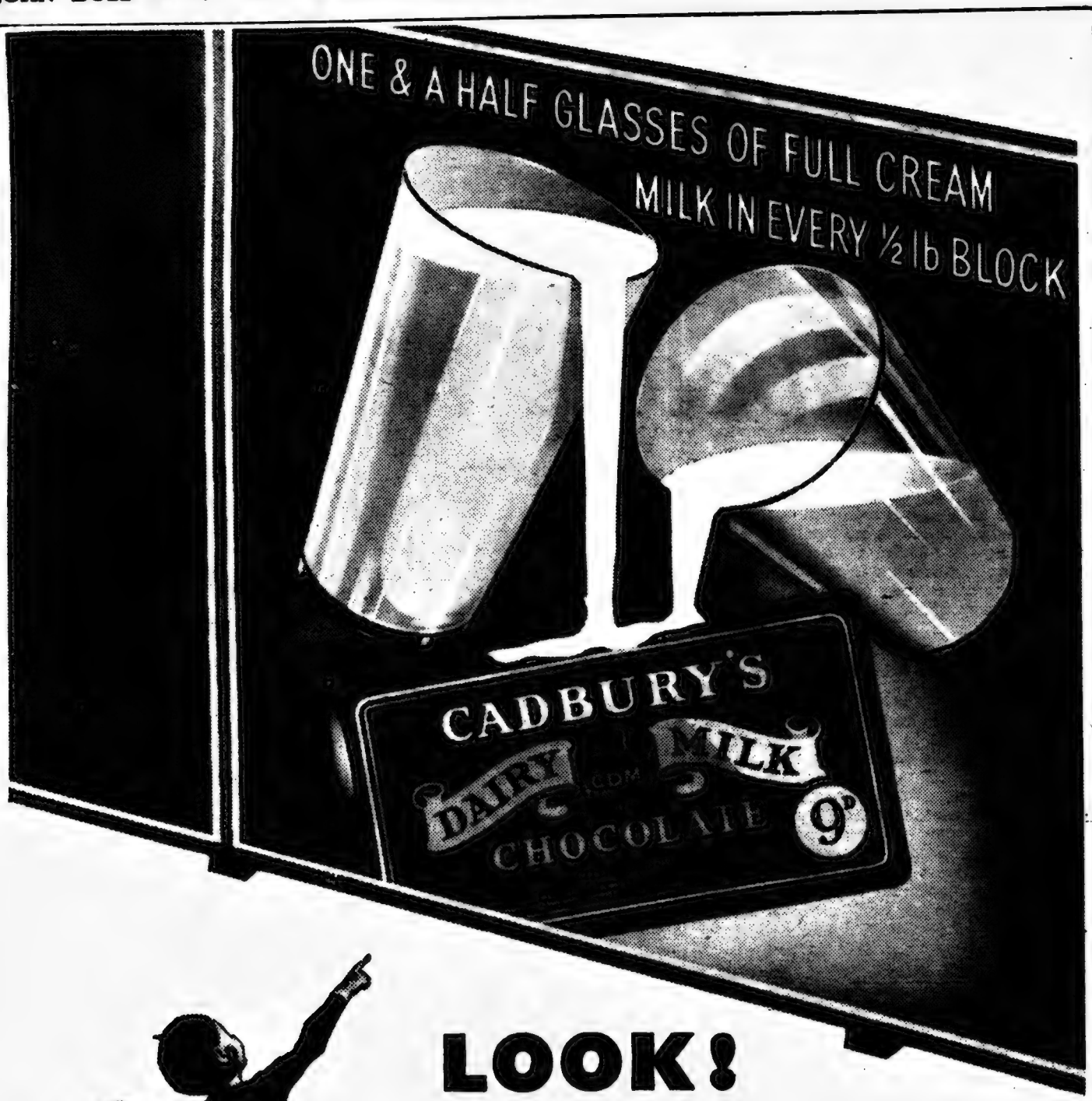
Unfortunately, the culprit was so overcome that he fell and sustained serious injuries. I fear that the poor fellow's brain is affected, for in his delirium he keeps on whimpering: "The pore ole blanky bo'sun has gone stark, staring, blanky mad!"

Of course, I do not pretend to have wholly cured the slanguage evil, for I have several times had to deal severely with ratings for using expressions such as one expects from hussies on a tennis-court, but which ill become a truly refined son of the sea.

I know that some writers are waxing facetious at my expense, but I would rather be accused of having bees in my bonnet than b——s on my lips, and, if only the rulers of other navies will follow my example, it may even be possible to induce the mariners of England to guard their native jaws.

At present, however, judging by the verses of an indignant British bo'sun, they consider that I have dealt a foul blow at discipline.

Blast me binnacle, lock me lips!
Now what can a bo'sun do—
Shiver me timbers and hoist me hips!—
To win respect from a crew
If—stap me vitals!—they can't be cussed?
The men would moulder, the ship would rust!
Split me spleen and me buttons bust!
Now what can a bo'sun do?
Shall he cry "Tut, tut!" and exclaim
"Oh, dear!"
When the stormy winds do blow?
And murmur, "Kindly assist me here,"
When the lubbers slack below?
Shall be plead, "Now, do as I ask you pray."
Or say what he blanky well has to say
In a normal, naughty, nautical way
When the stormy winds do blow?



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that's why Mother always buys us Cadburys . . .

WHEN Cadburys make milk chocolate, they're generous with the milk. They use as much as a glass and a half in every ½lb. block. And you get exactly the same fine chocolate in the ¼lb. and 2-oz. blocks. It is always fresh full-cream milk fetched daily by Cadburys from over 800 British farms. That's why far more Cadburys Milk Chocolate is sold than any other . . .

and that's why you'll say . . . I want

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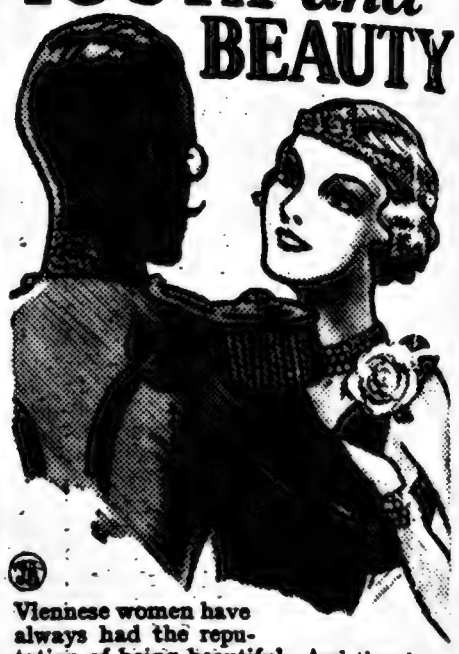
How Viennese Women Keep Their YOUTH *and* BEAUTY



Viennese women have always had the reputation of being beautiful. And they keep their beauty long after other women of the same age have become wrinkled and faded. Their secret, is a marvellous food for the skin called biocel, which is obtained from young animals by the special process of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. He used it in skin nutrition tests on women from 55 to 72 years of age; and in 6 weeks their wrinkles completely disappeared! (See full account in Vienna Medical Journal). Biocel has a marvellous effect on the skin. It feeds and nourishes the skin cells; tightens up sagging facial muscles and stimulates the circulation. It makes the skin firm and fresh and gives it clear youthful beauty. It smoothes out even the deepest wrinkles. This wonderful biocel skinfood can now be used by every woman to rejuvenate and beautify her skin. It is contained in Tokalon Skinfood —on sale wherever beauty goods are sold. Get a jar to-day. Use it regularly every night; it quickly gives complexion youth and beauty.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 B), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10

£1,500 Won in Crossword Competition No. 213

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following 36 competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of these, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £43 1s. 7d. will be sent:—

A. Ackman, 2, Darley Hill, Keynsham, Bristol; Miss A. Bishop, 562, Stapleton Rd., Bristol; Miss J. Brassington, 42, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester; E. Carton, 20, Friars St., King's Lynn; W. Cave, Legsby, Market Rasen, Lincs; Miss L. Colpitts, 61, Chilside Rd., Fellingon-Tyne; R. M. Edge, The Nook, Marshall Rd., South Hayling, Hants; Mrs. B. Hesketh, 33, Idonia St., Deptford, S.E.; R. Hewlett, Kidlington, Nr. Oxford; W. H. Kelly, Bromley Cotts., Hoarwithy, Hereford; Mrs. E. A. Kennedy, 49, Tuckton Rd., Bournemouth; J. Kennedy, 48, Tuckton Rd., Bournemouth; Mrs. M. Laycock, 125, Casterton Avenue, Burnley; L. Luckford, 11, St. Mary's St., Whitchurch, Salop; D. Macrorie, 48, Vernon Gdns., Whitley Bay; T. Miller, 2, Granville Terr., Eastham, Wirral; Miss E. P. Morris, 48, Thorpe St., Bradford; Mrs. Prosser, 102, Norton Rd., Wembley; A. E. Phippen, 12, Council Terr., Old Town, Chard, Som.; A. Scott, Wellesley School, Blyth, Northumberland; J. J. Shortland, 18, Queen St., Weedon, Northampton; J. Stokes, Roche, Cornwall; Mrs. F. Tame, 8, Meriden St., Coventry; Mrs. A. Weller, 15, Gillingham Av., Gillingham, Kent; A. C. White, 115, Dalvell Rd., Stockwell, S.W.9; E. Williams, Belmont, Machen, Mon.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by Post, Tuesday, June 13, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, the solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 145 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors, and who will each receive £1 10s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An additional £50 will be shared among those Winners and Runners-up who are registered readers of the "Crossword Gazette."

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 211: Four competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest, and payments of £25 each will be despatched accordingly.

Turn to Page 23 NOW for full particulars of "John Bull's" Sensational Record Crossword offer. £3,700 in cash prizes must be won.

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BOYCOTT of an AMAZING VICAR

The Rev. Allen Riddle Tremearne photographed whilst actually hoisting the yellow flag above his church, thus proclaiming the opening of hostilities between himself and his parishioners

PEOPLE who these days pass across the great smiling plain of north Lincolnshire pause to wonder at a strange spectacle.

They see rising out of this vast flat expanse something that has been a landmark there for seven centuries—the grey, square tower of the ancient Saxon church of Redbourne parish.

They halt to gaze because to-day the tower blazons afar a grim message such as no other church has ever proclaimed.

From a giant staff in its centre there flies a sinister sheet of yellow cloth.

Sinister—because the yellow flag is the international naval signal of quarantine, the warning of infection.

It has been hoisted by the Vicar of Redbourne, the Rev. Allen Riddle Tremearne

Yet there is no unusual bodily illness among the hardy peasantry of this countryside. And the vicar himself, a man still in his forties, with the eyes of a dreamer and the carriage and gait of an athlete, is in robust health.

The flag betokens that the pastor and the people are no longer in spiritual contact. Redbourne, indeed, is a place of tumult and the church and vicar are virtually under boycott.

The churchwardens, one of whom held the office for nearly twenty years, have resigned and, when a meeting was called, no one would accept any appointment.

A few days ago, by the personal intervention of a high dignitary of the diocese, the sad-eyed vicar was brought face to face with those who had been the leaders of the religious life of the community. The blacksmith, the butcher, the builder, the baker sat with him under the yellow flag until after midnight. There were hours of stern speech.

What good? The flag has not been struck.

It must have been a strange change for the Rev. A. R. Tremearne when, after long service in fashionable London churches, he was translated years ago to the charge of Redbourne and its plain-spoken conservative yeoman folk.

The living is one of those for which the Church of England should feel shame. It is in the gift of the Dukes of St. Albans—the descendants of the alliance between Nell Gwynn and Charles II, who are said to have gone to Redbourne to further their romance—and it provides the miserable income of only £250 yearly.

The vicar has no personal means to devote to the parish and in the poverty of the church lies the explanation of some of the extraordinary recent happenings.

His own cook

Mr. Tremearne is a bachelor and he lives alone, without even servant or daily help, in his beautiful old-world vicarage. He cooks and cleans and is dependent on no one for the slightest service.

His recreation is painting and, in his lonely seclusion, he spends hours at a time adorning the rooms of the vicarage with large canvases.

The strife of to-day was born in comedy. As soon as the vicar came, he began deploring the dullness and lack of beauty and joy in rural churches, and especially did he resent the lack of tunefulness in the church bells.

He also wanted the bells to be rung much more frequently, and the country people rose in wrath when they found their Sunday afternoon slumbers being broken by incessant joyous peals.

There was open revolt when the vicar, without consulting anyone, deprived the parish from looking upon what it regards as a priceless possession. This is a large stained-glass window above the altar depicting the Last Judgment, and in marvellous colour contrasts it portrays agonised humanity at the brink of a blazing inferno. Only one other window of the kind exists in the world—in Venice.

"Too, too horrible!" said Mr. Tremearne. He bought a roll of gaudy cretonne and, with his own hands, completely covered the window.

The vicar has a penchant for highly coloured cloths. He took away the black and white cassocks of the choir boys and bedecked them in glorious raiment of yellow and green.

As a robe for himself he wore a yellow brocaded bedspread.

By concealing the stained-glass window and shutting out its soft, filtered light, Mr. Tremearne somewhat hindered his task of brightening and beautifying the ancient church. It became a place of heavy darkness, made worse when he next removed the lamps.

The only illumination the church would have, he decided, was from six candles at the end of each pew, and for candlesticks he lined the aisle with T-shaped wooden standards painted in many colours.

Jazz serpent

Next he bought a pot of white paint and lavished it upon the interior walls. Even the pitch-pine organ was whitewashed.

Further to relieve the gloom, he placed one of his own paintings at the far end of the church—a representation of Adam and Eve in Eden, with a serpent standing on its tail between them. The serpent is white with red spots.

His artistry was, however, by no means exhausted.

The stone pillars were striped with red and green, and one Sunday the congregation was astounded to see big yellow lozenges painted on the backs of the pews.

On the following Sunday they found them filled in with grotesque black peacocks.

Mr. Tremearne next cut the six legs from an old billiard table and, painting them white, mounted them upon the altar. He sawed broomsticks into two-feet lengths and erected these upon the billiard table legs with a tiny candle crowning each.

A recent entry in the visitors' book of the church reads: "The House of God turned into a museum."

In desperate efforts to raise money for the advancement of his schemes to give brilliance to the church, the vicar has met with icy-cold response. His latest threat is to stop the parish clock until the people become more generous in their giving.

Until they open their purses more freely, they have also been forbidden to tend the graves in the churchyard by trimming the grass around the tombstones.

In consequence, no churchyard in the whole of Britain can have a more woebegone appearance than that of Redbourne.

Mr. Tremearne, who protests that his flock have an exaggerated interest in the dead, boasts that the churchyard is really beautiful with its abundance of long grass, and declares that it is a garden massed with flowers.

Flowers there are certainly. But they are exclusively buttercups and daisies and white-topped weeds, and the grass has to be parted and held down to reveal them. Beds of nettles add variety to the display in the hay crop which the churchyard will soon provide.

When the vicar removed the iron gates at the entrance to the churchyard it became a playground for the young people of the district. Motor-cycles were driven among the tombstones, and when he allowed football to be played in the vicarage grounds the ball was frequently among the graves.

A penalty has been imposed upon the erection of memorials to the dead. The executors of a parishioner, known as the squire of Redbourne, who died lately, are unable to place a headstone upon his grave because they refuse to pay £10 to the vicar's church funds.

Nor will he allow the sculptor's name to appear upon a memorial until a guinea is paid for advertisement rights.

Even in cases where bereaved families are willing to pay his charges, Mr. Tremearne refuses to allow the tombstones or grave curbs to be of marble.

Ban on marble

A notice which he has posted in the church porch announces that the use of this kind of stone is to be deprecated because it only serves the ends of the propagandists for the Italian marble industry.

An ambition of the vicar is to have a new chapel added to the church. He has prepared his own designs for it, and the congregation was slightly bewildered when it saw hung up in the church a sketch of the proposed building, showing two factory chimneys rising from it! The plan bears the inscription, "The wicked shall be burned in hell."

That, Mr. Tremearne says, is merely an expression of his humour, and he regrets that the people do not apparently appreciate such delicate satire.

Equally they seem to have failed to detect the vicar's wit when he posted the following subscription list at the main door of the church:

"A Smiling Farmer" ..	£1,000
Mr. Moses Dolittle ..	£10
Mrs. Backscratcher ..	£20
Mr. Basin Mean ..	£5
Mr. and Mrs. Sludge ..	£10
Mrs. Weezeana ..	2s. 6d.
Mr. and Mrs. Mudfoot	10s. 0d.
The Cow Club	1s. 6d.

Beneath this list, Mr. Tremearne wrote: "The vicar has not actually smelt any of this money yet, but he is living in hope."

Quaint humour

The hard-pressed vicar during his brief office has also had much trouble with his organists. Two have gone and a third one has just been appointed from outside the parish. Betting is in progress as to how long he will survive.

Beneath the floor of the church there is supposed to be buried a mediæval knight in armour. The parish speculated upon the vicar's purpose when he began digging in the chancel at the site of the tomb and announced his intention to recover the armour if possible.

They believed they found the explanation when Mr. Tremearne publicly challenged one of his critics to meet him, clad in coat-of-mail and vizor, in deadly combat. The field of glory was to be the vicarage paddock, and he suggested that a brass band should be assembled to play during the proceedings.

Of course, this was merely another piece of quaint humour which was misunderstood.

The worst enemy he has to fight, says the vicar, is the old-fashioned prejudice of his parish against innovation and reform.

The yellow flag signals that the fight is on.

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ALL PHOTOGRAVURE **JUST OUT** TWOPENCE WEEKLY

Wicked Sentence on SCHOOLBOY —Made the SCAPEGOAT of Older Boys

The lad's mother who writes to us so pathetically

THE world must seem a very dark, unfriendly place to little Woodford Shore, who has been suddenly torn from his home at 3, Woodbine Cottages, Worcester Park, Surrey, and condemned to spend four years in an industrial school.

For he is only thirteen and he has just been officially branded as a budding criminal in circumstances which will incense every parent in the land.

Weeping bitterly, this diminutive youngster was led from the court-room at the Quarter Sessions, Kingston, Surrey, the other day, after listening in bewilderment to a cruelly unjustified attack upon his character.

And while he passed into captivity, four much older boys who had been charged with him passed to freedom.

He is too young to realise that he has been made a scapegoat, yet that, undoubtedly, is what has happened, and it is in the interests of justice that the full facts should be made public.

We have received a pathetic letter from this child's mother in which she expresses consternation at the "cruel blow" which has fallen upon her family.

Mother's plea

"For all the other boys to get off, and mine to suffer for those who are much older seems dreadful," she protests. "Could you help me? . . . There is no one else I can ask."

Here are the facts;

The ages of the other lads charged with young Shore as being implicated in the theft of cigarettes, chocolates and biscuits range from fifteen to eighteen.

Shore was the only one among them still attending school.

There is no doubt that they were all in the habit of going about in a gang and that some of them found a thrill in pilfering articles from small shops and in entering empty houses hoping to find a few coppers in the gasmeters.

There is no doubt that they did several reckless and thoroughly reprehensible things.

Woodford Shore was by far the youngest follower of this daring "gang." Yet when the five offenders were charged a police officer stood up

Woodford Shore has been condemned to spend four years in an industrial school

in court and declared in all seriousness: "I am quite satisfied that the lad at the bottom of all this is the little fellow aged thirteen."

This same police officer amplified his remarks by suggesting that young Shore would read a book on criminal matters or see a detective film and then "faithfully copy the methods of the criminal as if he had been at the game for years."

Yet in almost the same breath he said that the lad's educational standard was only that of a boy of nine!

What are we to believe in the face of such conflicting statements?

Remember, the gang included grown-up youths of sixteen and eighteen. Were they under the sway of a ringleader whose mental attainments were those of a boy of nine?

Even the chairman at the Quarter Sessions couldn't quite swallow that.

"It is humiliating, if it is true, that you older boys should have been led away by a boy of thirteen," he observed.

"*If it is true.*" Surely it was the duty of the court to establish beyond all doubt if these damning statements against the youngest boy charged—and the only boy unrepresented legally—had any foundation in fact.

Yet at the close of the proceedings the chairman appeared still in some doubt.

"You *seem* to have been the ringleader and you have not a *very* satisfactory character," he told the weeping child.

An appeal

Small wonder that a storm of indignation has been aroused locally and that a former official of the National Education Board, who knows the boy well, is heading a movement to lodge an appeal.

There never was at any time the slightest justification for labelling young Shore as the ringleader, or for suggesting, as was suggested, that he was concerned in "practically every charge."

Seven charges were heard, and Shore was involved in four, but only in a minor rôle. And it is significant his name was put last in every indictment.

He played no part at all in three serious charges involving the theft of a bicycle, a case of attempted housebreaking and thefts from a garage. These were all the work of certain of the elder lads. Shore was not even with them at the time!

From the evidence and the sworn statements of all the older boys it is perfectly clear that none of them regarded Shore as their leader.

When an empty house was entered it was an elder boy who broke in. The others merely followed. It was an elder boy who broke open a gasmeter, though the younger ones shared the money.

This elder boy admitted all these things in his sworn statement to the police. Other boys confirmed them in similar statements.

"No wickedness"

If these statements had been read in court no credence could possibly have been given to the suggestion that young Shore was the ringleader.

But that is not all. A headmaster who has known Shore for five years wrote to the police to put in a good word for the boy. But his valuable testimony was not cited in court.

As principal of the Cheam Boys' School, under the Surrey Education Committee, his opinion is surely worthy of consideration.

While admitting that Shore is backward, this master writes:

"But he took great pleasure in trying to please each member of the staff of teachers. He has had too much drastic punishment in his life; but, given a part under direct supervision, he would do well.

"*There is nothing tricky in Woodford Shore, nor is there any wickedness.*

"He found himself where he is now through sheer good nature and loyalty—to boys who gave him no loyalty in return."

That is the carefully considered opinion of an experienced schoolmaster who has known the victimised boy since he was eight.

Set it against the unwarranted and misleading suggestions made against the undefended boy in court and the whole case collapses.

At the same time we do not pretend to excuse this youngster for the part he undoubtedly has played in some of the escapades referred to. He has done wrong and is as much in need of supervision as were the older youths who were bound over. But no one could deem him to be a potential criminal or a budding "gang leader."

We certainly think the Home Secretary should call for all the relevant papers, which should certainly convince him that a grievous wrong has been done to a boy who has been more sinned against than sinning.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

LIFE EVER NEW

THERE was once a mad Czar of Russia who decided to have winter in the midst of summer. He caused all the trees in his park to be stripped, all the flowers to be rooted up, and all the greensward to be destroyed. Then the whole landscape was strewn with salt to resemble snow, and the royal autocrat and his courtiers dashed to and fro upon it in sleighs.

The artificial winter thus produced could not last very long. There would be a temporary desolation for one season perhaps, but the tyrant hand could not long restrain the insurgent forces of Nature reclothing the earth with verdure and decking it with bloom.

We are living in times when crass human folly and selfishness are creating a winter of discontent. The world is being kept poor and unhappy, not because it cannot produce enough to supply its needs, but because of the fears and hates that keep the nations apart.

Yet one has only to look out of the window in any countryside at this glorious spring season to read there a parable of what human life might be and will be when our man-made spiritual winter gives way to the effulgence of summer which is trying all the time to break through.

If we were to judge by appearances only we might well despair of the future as in fact many observers do. We are threatened with a fresh outbreak of war, which if it comes will assuredly make an end of our fragile civilisation.

In trying to score off one another and enrich ourselves at one another's expense we have forced millions of people in every great country to the margin of starvation and condemned them to soul-corrupting idleness

We are told that our young men and women are decadent, living only for pleasure and excitement; that they are without ideals beyond the gratification of the senses; that they believe in nothing, not even in themselves.

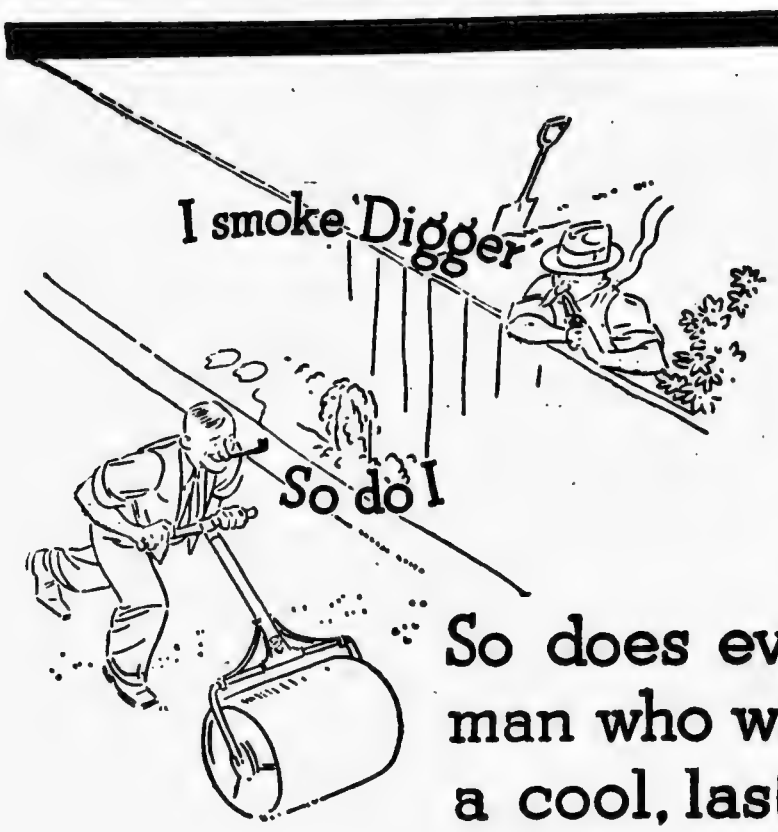
This is false. You can no more prevent the up-springing of high hope and purpose in the heart of the young than you can crush down the silent life that everywhere is filling woods and hedgerows with new-born beauty of colour and form.

There is a sublime mystery in this perpetual forthputting of life and power in human concerns. No matter how dark the present may look, the future redeems it. Where one generation fails the next succeeds; or if one nation drops out of the van of progress, another takes its place; the march goes on.

The one certain thing in human history is that the last word is never spoken in regard to the triumphs of the human soul over the forces of evil.

Take courage, then, you who feel forlorn and dismayed because of the pressure of hard events. There is that within you which can turn any defeat into a victory if you can only trust it enough. You can be securely confident in the knowledge that your fate is not decided yet, however bleak the outlook.

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."



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If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

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Weekly Informations from

Maj.-General Sir Wyndham Childs

BIG BRICK FIASCO

Investors' Four-Fold Shocks

INVESTIGATIONS carried out by my department following an appeal from a provincial reader have resulted in the discovery of an amazing series of company crashes, which are linked in a most fantastic way.

My reader approached me in the first place because he was perturbed at the fate which had overtaken a certain investment.

But I find that he is one of many investors throughout the country who have lost money in the succession of crashes to which I refer.

Many have been urged to recover their losses in one concern by plunging in a second, then a third, then a fourth, and so on. Those who have done so have seen the character of their investment change almost incredibly.

The latest company in this series to collapse is Ideal Construction and Building Estates, Ltd., of Corringham, Essex, with registered offices at Gloucester Mansions, Cambridge Circus, London, W.C.

Phoenix-like

Now this particular venture was a reconstruction of a brick company, which in its turn arose from the ashes of a Firebrick company, which was built on the ruins of a Tile company, which had sprung from a moribund Colliery concern!

This tragic story of failure being built on failure provides an astonishing record of limitless impudence on the part of the promoters.

It is necessary to trace the history of these queer phœnix-like companies from 1928 when a concern called Milkwall Brickworks, Ltd., was formed out of the ruins of the Lydney District Brickworks and Collieries, Ltd.

Unfortunate shareholders in the latter company, which was to have made handsome profits but which failed dismally, were offered first mortgage debenture stock in Milkwall Brickworks, Ltd.

That was in February, 1928. But far from recovering their primary losses the shareholders became more deeply involved. The career of the Brickworks venture was short and inglorious.

Second blow

Investors had scarcely recovered from this second blow to their fond hopes, when a few months later they were told that another new concern, the Firebrick Manufacturers Co., Ltd., was now in possession of the property lately owned by Milkwall Brickworks, Ltd.!

"The prospects of the new company are exceedingly encouraging, and its debenture stock must be a very attractive investment," said a circular letter which was widely distributed at the time.

I learn that Firebrick Manufacturers Co., Ltd., was registered, with a nominal capital of £1,500, to carry on the business of manufacturers and dealers in firebricks, etc. Within a year, however, the share capital was increased to £11,500 by the issue of debentures.

This company, which was full of promises to shareholders, was in difficulties from the start, and far from bringing prosperity actually finished its first year with a trading loss.

Eventually this £11,500 company collapsed altogether—a fact that is not surprising since the actual cash in hand at the bank, three months before the end, amounted to only £3 10s. 3d.!

I understand that the sale of the plant and machinery of this company realised only £172 11s. 6d., and that the expenses of the Receiver absorbed all but £3 12s. 2d. of this sum.

More losses

While investors were licking their wounds, they received a letter from Gloucester Mansions, Cambridge Circus, London, the home of the previous disastrous failures. It was headed The Ideal Construction and Building Estates, Ltd., and explained that they had recently taken over Firebrick Manufacturers Co., Ltd.

I find that the Ideal Construction company was registered in March, 1928, with a capital of £10,000, for the purpose of developing a building estate at Corringham, Essex. It was stated that a new railway station was to be established within twenty-five yards of the estate.

Investors were again caught up in a network of promises, and again parted with good money.

Disillusion

But disillusion followed quickly, and the familiar rumble of the oncoming storm came in a letter from the chairman at the close of 1930.

This stated that the directors regretted that "the progress anticipated had not been realised," but it was hoped that the next report would be of a more favourable nature.

I should mention here that a year before the amount of cash in hand at the bank of this concern was £3 1s. 11d., which may have been one of the chief reasons why the Ideal Construction company could not realise "the progress anticipated."

The end came a few weeks ago when this latest venture followed its predecessors to disaster.

Here you see glimpses of various genuine enterprises. Similar building, brick-making and colliery companies figured in the schemes we criticise—but failure was piled on failure until the whole crazy edifice toppled to disaster

Probing the affairs of this ill-fated group still further, I find that another company, the Corringham Brick and Tile Works, Ltd., which began operations with £10,000 capital, had for one of its directors Mr. Gordon Atkinson.

Investors were informed as far back as 1929, by him as their chairman, that while the business had not so far proved a success, there was every hope of the business being turned into a paying proposition.

This Mr. Atkinson, it will be remembered, sent a precisely similar letter to the shareholders in Ideal Construction and Building Estates shortly before that concern crashed.

My readers will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that the Corringham Brick and Tile Company was eventually wound up with assets of £55, which were absorbed by expenses.

The record of the companies I have mentioned is appalling, and the history of all of them is similar in this respect — the original nominal capital is invariably about £1,500, and then the promoters begin to appeal to the investing public to purchase debentures to the amount of £10,000 or so.

The advantage to the promoters of this plan is that whereas dividends on shares cannot legally be paid except out of profits, interest on debentures can be paid out of capital.

This means that it is possible for the promoters to satisfy debenture holders only so long as new investors are being found.

If no legitimate profits are earned, ultimate ruin is inevitable. Yet, as I have shown, out of the ruin arises a new company and once more investors are persuaded to part with their cash, getting in return little but rosy promises about future prospects.

Mournful day

Then comes a day when the chairman announces mournfully that the past year's business has been disastrous. On the slightest provocation an extraordinary general meeting is held and a further issue of debentures is made.

The undertakings whose records I have outlined have been run on fantastic lines and have taken thousands of pounds out of the pockets of the investing public.

I notice that Mr. Gordon Atkinson has acted as a director in several of these companies.

He may be a man of exceptional business ability, but it is a matter for regret that so many companies in which he has taken an active part have collapsed with disastrous results to the investing public.

Your Champion!

EVERY week brings us countless letters from readers who have been exploited, victimised or defrauded in various ways. And they find a ready champion in JOHN BULL.

We shall never cease to wage warfare on all those who practise deceit in any form; we shall continue our fearless exposures of all frauds and shams.

Remember this when you are in any quandary and write to us about it. We'll do the rest.

The Human Machine

They All Say So

IN a world of disagreements there are one or two things on which everyone has always agreed. Thinkers, writers, men and women who've achieved success, all kinds and all types, all insist that it is possible for a man to get what he wants out of life if only he knows exactly what it is he wants and has sufficient determination to keep on after it till he gets it.

And when a man has got what he wants, he's worth listening to. For he's tried out the recipe, and he should know. So let's hear what Clark Gable, the famous film star, has to say.

He wasn't always famous, still less rich. He had to fight his way from the very bottom. His father wanted him to drill oil-wells. He wanted to go on the stage. He did what he wanted, and years of failure, poverty, struggle and ups and downs followed; but he kept on: he knew what he wanted.

"There is only one way to get what you want," he says. "You must know what you want and then set out to get it, and not allow anything to sidetrack you. Opportunities to sidestep will come in every possible disguise. Jobs will be proffered in other lines—probably at big money: there will be love—and family interference.

"But if you have tied yourself so tightly to your star that not even a passing comet can untie you—in the end you MUST get what you want. The law of averages will take care of you."

In other words, if you want something badly enough you must be prepared to take a gamble. You must be prepared to back yourself against the world—and stake everything you've got on your belief that you're going to come out on top.

And you must keep both eyes skinned, and both hands ready to grab, for the "lucky break."

500 MILES of DEA

The "Corridor" Way to the Next Great War

SUNDAY, May 28, 1933, may well prove to have been as grave and memorable a date in European history as that fateful day in June, 1914, when an assassin's bomb thrown at an Austrian Archduke sent Europe crashing into the abyss of war and changed the face of the world for a generation.

The citizens of the "Free City" of Danzig proceeded to the polls last Sunday for the elections of the Senate, which is the city's governing body.

That was a seemingly innocent and apparently unimportant event. It concealed, however, a situation of intense and vital significance to any one of the 100,000,000 people of Germany and Poland which surround this city. The results of it will play a big part in deciding the question of peace or war for Europe.

The seaport of Danzig lies at the head of a strip of territory 500 miles in length now known as "the Polish Corridor.'

Before the end of the last World War this area was part and parcel of the East Prussian province of Germany—an integral part of the German Empire. The statesmen who assembled in Paris to draw up the Peace Treaties, however, performed a remarkable piece of geographical and territorial surgery. They simply cut this area out of the map of Germany and attached it to that of the newly-created independent Republic of Poland.

They called this piece of new Poland the Polish Corridor. Its 2,000,000 inhabitants, former German citizens, were placed under the rule of Poland, and automatically lost their German nationality to become legalised Poles.

Cut off . . .

One important factor to be borne in mind in connection with this territorial surgical operation is the fact that the bisection of East Germany by the Corridor left a part of Germany, containing the important city of Konigsberg, entirely cut off geographically from the rest of the country.

Thus, to get from Konigsberg to Berlin by land—that is, from one part of Germany to another—a traveller must cross foreign territory belonging to Poland; he must leave his German train from Konigsberg when it reaches the frontier of the Corridor, cross a few miles in a Polish train, and continue his journey on a German train from the other frontier.

Furthermore, this German citizen, intending to proceed from one part of his own country to another, must provide himself with a passport and procure a visa from the Polish authorities giving him permission.

It is as though a strip of land were cut off diagonally between Liverpool and Carlisle and created foreign territory, segregating Northern England from the South by a wedge of foreign soil. If a citizen of London desired to travel to Carlisle he would require a passport and a foreign visa to cross this strip of alien country. That is precisely the position with regard to the Polish Corridor—it has cut Germany in two.

Foch's prophecy

The Polish Corridor is the new Alsace Lorraine, the new "cockpit" of Europe. Ever since its creation it has been a source of bitter and persistant friction between Germany and Poland.

The Germans have solemnly sworn their determination to regain their lost territory, and to rejoin East Prussia with the rest of the Fatherland. The Poles, on their side, have taken an equally uncompromising oath that they will never permit the Corridor to be returned to Germany, and that they will resist "with their blood" any attempt to seize or restore it to Germany.

After the signing of the Peace Treaty containing this grafting of a German limb on to the Polish body, the late Marshal Foch said of the Corridor: "There lies the root of the next war."

Poland, since the declaration of her independence, has created one of the greatest fighting machines in Europe. Her army consists of 1,500,000 highly trained and well-equipped soldiers. It is armed with heavy tanks and great quantities of modern artillery. Allied to it is an enormous air force, skilled and efficient for war purposes.

This great fighting force has been created with "Defend the Corridor" figuratively inscribed on every soldier's knapsack and on the wing of every military aeroplane.

In Germany, on the other hand, there are 1,000,000 youths of the Nazi "Brown Shirt" Army, drilled and uniformed. For ten years Adolf Hitler and his colleagues have poured the fire of oratory into their ears, preaching, arguing, calling for the restoration of Germany's lost soil, and for the reunion of her East Prussian sons with their brothers in the Fatherland.

On every Nazi brown shirt is inscribed figuratively the words, "Efface the Corridor."

Every Nazi youth, as well as every other patriotic German, is fixed in the determination that this is a holy and burning duty. Germany, therefore, only awaits her chance; the occasion and the time to wrench back what has been taken from her.

Vital territory

When that occasion comes, the Poles will resist to the ultimate limit of their power, because to them the Corridor is not merely a vain acquisition of conquest, but a real and vital necessity, a matter of life and death as regards Poland's existence as an independent and self-supporting nation.

The Peace Conference statesmen of Paris were not without sound reason for the drawing of this artificial "corridor" on the map of Europe. Its creation was not merely but another penalty for defeated Germany. It was intended to create a vital artery by which the body of the New Poland, with its 40,000,000 inhabitants, could breathe and live.

Poland, without the Corridor, had no access to the sea, the most vital and essential element in the existence of any country.

The design of the Peace Conference was to find this access to the sea for Polish commerce.

The obvious course was for the Allied and Associated Powers to follow the line of the Vistula River running to the sea through German territory, but through an area the majority of whose population was Polish in origin, though under German influence and commercial domination.

This solution of the problem of Poland's seaport had one grave difficulty besides the separation of West and East Prussia and the driving of a wedge through the heart of Germany. At the head of the Corridor lay the great German seaport of Danzig—German by tradition, by culture and history.

This picturesque city, mediæval in its old pointed gables and old Gothic water towers, was yet pulsating with modern life and invention—one of the world's great metropoles of seaborne trade. Its inhabitants, nearly 400,000, were for the most part

The wedge that has separated German from German and sown Europe with dynamite—the Polish Corridor. On the left is a view of Gdynia, Poland's mushroom port. Right: Danzig, "the spearpoint of the agitation"

DLY MISCHIEF

This photograph vividly illustrates the intensity of anti-Polish feeling in Danzig. It shows Polish bluejackets who belong to the detachment which guards the munitions depot on the outskirts of the Free City being escorted through the streets by armed policemen

by

A. L. EASTERMAN

German to the backbone and proud of it.

Geographically, therefore, Danzig was Polish; by nationality and culture it was essentially German. To hand over such a city to another race, and to a foreign national authority, would have been politically unthinkable, morally indefensible and practically unworkable.

But Poland's claim to a free outlet to the sea was unquestionably justified, and Danzig was that natural port.

How were the difficulties to be overcome? The solution was found by reverting to the exceptional and quaint situation that Danzig had held as far back as the Middle Ages—the town with an area surrounding it was created a "Free City." Its constitution was guaranteed by the League of Nations; its port was administered by an International Harbour Board, and its general government was supervised by a neutral Resident High Commissioner appointed by and answerable to the League of Nations in Geneva.

Danzig, however, was not to be entirely free. Her "sovereignty" was limited and her autonomy was curtailed by certain rights in the control of the city allotted to Poland.

Thus, Danzig is included in the Polish Customs Union; its railways and waterways are administered by Poland. The Polish authorities have their own Post Office in the heart of the city, and they have the right to place an armed guard at one of the city's docks.

Most important of all the restrictions on Danzig's freedom was the control of her foreign relations by the Polish Foreign Office in Warsaw. Danzig was therefore politically cut off from direct relations with Germany, and for all practical purposes passed under the sway of Poland, to become the port of the Corridor and Poland's outlet to the sea and world commerce.

The Free City, however, has not chosen to follow this course, and has obstinately persisted in its German character, and has as obstinately refused to conform to any tendency in the direction of submission to the Poles, or which might lead to its absorption in the Polish national system. It has remained doggedly German in every aspect of its life. It has remained a German city, taking its direction from Berlin and its inspiration from the German Fatherland.

Its leading citizen, Dr. Sahm, after administering the city for many years as President of the Senate, went to Berlin to become Lord Mayor of the German capital, like a national official returned after camping through an important mission.

Moreover, to secure its independence of Poland and its German character, the city was flooded with German officials. It has the greatest and most costly bureaucracy in the world in proportion to its population. It has 13,000 officials out of a total citizenship of just under 400,000. It has 20,000 State pensioners, and it is estimated that at least 100,000 people in Danzig are receiving Government aid in one form or another. This guarantees the loyalty of the recipients, and the certainty that they will not risk the transfer of their privileges to a foreign authority.

Further to safeguard its independence, Danzig has adopted its own monetary currency and administered its own finances, not, it may be said, with particular care or soundness.

It has taken many municipal precautions to prevent any considerable Polish immigration or the introduction of Polish enterprise on any considerable scale.

Danzig has adopted, since its creation in 1919 as a Free City, under Polish suzerainty, a policy of passive resistance towards Poland.

This resistance has, indeed, on occasions taken an active and less passive character. In 1920, the Danzigers performed an act of obstruction against Poland which led to a dramatic result and marked the beginning of the end of the city's proud position as the great waterway of the Baltic.

When the Russian Bolsheviks were threatening Poland by invasion, and were, in fact, advancing into the heart of the country, the Danzigers prevented the unloading of munitions from France for the Polish Army, and stopped their transport through "free" territory to the Polish frontier.

Miracle of Gdynia

At another critical moment for Poland, during the coal troubles of England, Danzig obstructed the transport of Polish coal and seriously threatened Poland's export trade.

Poland took prompt and startling action. She said she would build an All-Polish port, which would render her independent of Danzig, and would provide the long-dreamed-of "Polish access to the sea."

A point was selected west of and within fifty miles of Danzig. This was a small fishing village on a barren coast without a semblance of suitability for a port.

Danzig laughed, but Poland clenched her teeth as several hundred oaks were felled in the State forests, brought to Gdynia, the fishing village, and rammed into the sea bottom. The great Polish port of Gdynia was born.

After a few years of tenacious building, the port of Gdynia is one of the finest in the world, complete with every modern device and facility for the transport and handling of vast quantities of goods to and from the markets of the world.

It has a population of 40,000, and its annual trade covers 5,000,000 tons of goods. It has railway connection with the great Silesian coalfields, and has accommodation for ships of the largest size. Moreover, Gdynia is a naval port designed for the Polish Navy that has yet to come into being.

A garrison?

This was Poland's answer to Danzig's truculence, and she went further.

Within five minutes of approaching Danzig by sea, on the left bank of the waterway, is a small strip of low land called the Westerplatte. Here Poland has created a large munitions depôt, constantly guarded by Polish troops. Some, including the Danzigers, call it a garrison. It may be so, but its importance lies in its proximity to Danzig.

The hostility of Danzig towards Poland and everything Polish has been fanned into flame and encouraged in its intensity by the rise of the Nazi Party in Germany during the past few years, with its blazing doctrine of ultra-Nationalism and the reversal of the decisions of the Peace Treaties which have penalised Germany.

The special target of Nazi fury and revenge is the Polish Corridor. Danzig is the spearhead and central pivot of the agitation for its reversal to Germany, with Danzig and the reunion with the exiled Germans of East Prussia.

Gradually the Nazi element has penetrated Danzig, spreading its doctrines and urging resistance to Poland. The local Danzig police have gone over almost in a body to the Nazis. Post Office and railway officials have likewise joined them. Even the Customs officers have elected a Nazi Executive.

Dangerous spark

Now the Nazis are out to control the city's administration, and if they carry out the plans which they have been proclaiming and threatening, the gravest situation for the peace of Europe since the Peace Treaties will arise.

They may declare the annexation of the city, and even of the Corridor itself, with German East Prussia. They may defy the League of Nations, which, through the High Commissioner, is technically in charge of the situation.

Such a provocation would, without the shadow of a doubt, force Poland to protect by armed force her rights in the Free City. She would without a doubt be prepared for and carry out extensive defence operations for the protection of the Polish Corridor.

Either, or both, of these eventualities would involve conflict with the Nazi forces of Germany, and a clash of this kind would be the prelude to a far graver situation, the spark which might set alight a widespread European conflagration.

Tempers are high in the Polish Corridor, and the provocations, as well as the fears, on both sides are great.

Poland sees the German guns in Danzig trained on her national jewel—Gdynia. Germany sees the Polish howitzers levelled against the heart of Danzig.

Unless cautious counsels succeed in calming feverish passions, Europe's peacemakers are likely to have some hard work to do.

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"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES—38

TEN years ago, Mr. Robert E. Burns was sentenced to a Georgia chain gang, and he escaped. He got clear away and wrote a book about his experiences. That book was made into a film, "I Am a Fugitive." I wish I had had his luck—to have escaped and made not a little money as a consequence.

But, when I was sent to a chain gang, I served my sentence completely through from start to finish, 365 days of bitter torture.

And so, if an escaped man can create such a stir by *not* completing his time, I feel sure that my own ghastly imprisonment will interest readers of JOHN BULL.

People are wondering whether the hideous current stories of chain gangs are true. Let me tell you my experience.

In the year 1925, to commence at the beginning, I was down on my beam-ends in America, trying to find work, and—since the depression had not then officially begun—hoping with every town I reached to get hold of something or other. But always there was the same answer, "Enough local men out of work, let alone you!"

So fate sent me on from town to town, mixing with the hobos, train-jumping from city to city, avoiding when possible the sticks of the train guards, being particularly wary in counties where the free rider is liable to prosecution.

But accidents will happen and one night, just outside Macon, in Middle Georgia, I smuggled aboard the wrong train.

Had it not been for that small deviation, I might never have known the terrors of the chain gang. As it was, we rumbled all through the night, till just outside Crossways the train backed into a siding.

I knew that the police thereabouts were hot on tramps, and I lay low; but the guards must have seen me swing aboard the train. Five minutes later I was in the hands of the police.

NOW, you don't go to the State prison simply for "hopping," and Crossways itself is a one-horse town, a mere collection of wooden shanties set against the edge of the desert, so that I expected nothing worse than a night or two in the Courthouse.

Imagine my shock when the judge murmured "Twelve months!" and added sardonically: "And you may as well do a little work; or there is an alternative fine of twenty dollars!" I hadn't two dollars in the world, let alone twenty!

The local jail, to my surprise, proved to be the State penitentiary, and, to cut a long story short, though I had resolved by good behaviour to earn a remission of sentence if possible, the head warder of my section "got my goat."

His form of proving authority was to knock down as many convicts as possible in a working day, and in an ill moment my resentment proved too strong. I knocked him down, the tike, and regained my self-respect in doing so.

But within three days I knew my fate. The chain gang! Innocence can be comforting, and, in my inexperience, I rather looked forward to the open air after the stifling heat of the cells. Which, looking back, is a rich joke!

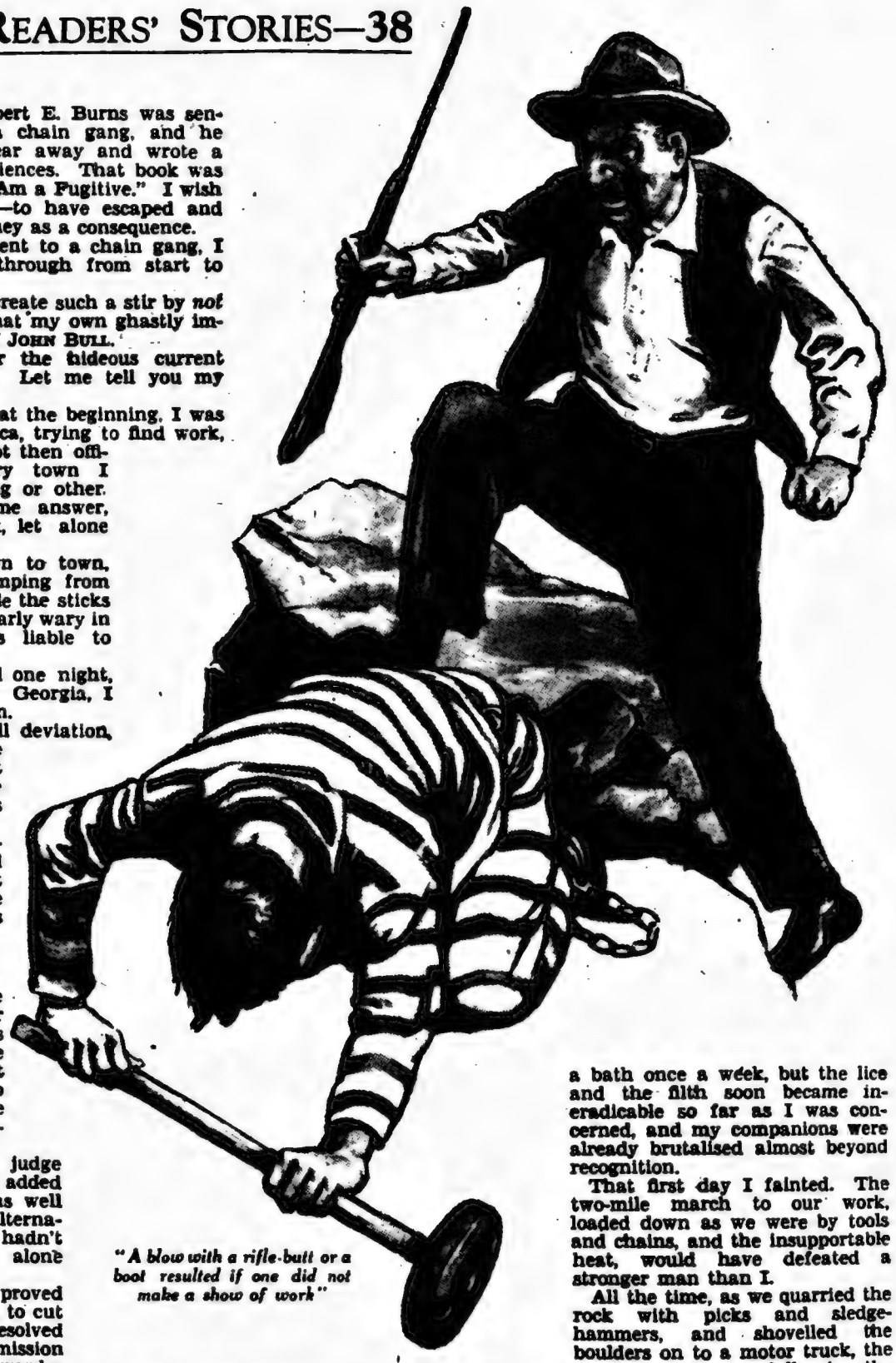
The next Monday eight of us were handcuffed together, and, with four warders guarding us, two at the front and two behind, we went jogging off into the rocky foothills.

AT first we tried to sing. The rough road, the fact that we were banded together in the centre of the truck, shaken this way and that, soon prevented such vocal efforts. Then the heat, striking up from the granite and sand, wreaked its vengeance.

The warders made themselves comfortable by frequent drinks, but an hour or two of parched tongues made our own mouths seem too swollen for movement.

So we arrived at the prison camp, a collection of iron huts surrounded by barbed wire, lighted by candles and oil lamps, lacking decent sanitation, without even the slightest human comforts save for the warders.

There our handcuffs and the chain passed between each man's wrists and connecting us were examined, and we were bundled into a hut. Throughout



"A blow with a rifle-butt or a boot resulted if one did not make a show of work"

that day and all that night we remained there, without food, without water; it was a method of breaking us in, I suppose.

And when we managed to talk of escape, it was but to realise anew the hopelessness of our position. There would have been no escape but death in that parched, almost untracked, world of sand dust and rocks.

THE next morning—merciful heaven!—we were given food, eight tin plates of beans, a hunk of bread, weak coffee and a jar of water. Then the blacksmith riveted steel shackles on my ankles, and I held my foot over a fiery brazier as he forged the thirteen-linked chain between them.

To this another chain—upright—was fixed, with a hand ring, which one could hold to prevent the links trailing on the ground and making walking even more difficult, the whole thing being roughly in the form of an inverted "T."

Then, as if to add to my burden, I was given a sledgehammer and a shovel, and linked up with a line of seven men by means of a chain passed through all our hand rings.

I was to get to know those men very well. At night I was to sleep with them in the fetid atmosphere of our prison house. By day we were always to work together like animals—worse than animals.

We wore no underclothes beneath our striped pants and vests. We all washed in the morning in one small bowl of muddy water.

We were allowed some semblance of a bath once a week, but the lice and the filth soon became ineradicable so far as I was concerned, and my companions were already brutalised almost beyond recognition.

That first day I fainted. The two-mile march to our work, loaded down as we were by tools and chains, and the insupportable heat, would have defeated a stronger man than I.

All the time, as we quarried the rock with picks and sledge-hammers, and shovelled the boulders on to a motor truck, the warders sat peacefully in the shade, hands perpetually on their rifles, but when I fell a kick was my sole cure.

All the next fortnight high fever consumed me, yet it made no difference. A blow with a rifle-butt or a boot resulted if one did not at least make a show of work. Even so, I was comparatively fortunate.

Gradually, as I recovered and became inured to the work, to the agony of the weary, ceaseless trek through rain and sun day after day, week after week, I thanked my stars I had but to live through twelve months of it.

Some of the men of the gang had spent, and would spend, their whole lives in this barbaric fashion, year upon year of unending agony.

EVERY night we toiled back to our barracks, well-nigh exhausted.

After we had been counted into our hut—there were seven gangs in all in as many iron and iron-barred shanties—we were allowed a wash, though for towels makeshift had to be made with our clammy tunics.

Then a guard would yell "Feed!" and we were allowed out in the open, where, squatting on rough benches, we received more pork and beans on our tin plates, with a fresh jar of water. The menu never varied except on Sundays.

Then we received coffee with our two daily meals, and usually a little corn, supplemented by extra bread. On Sundays, too, barring a farce of a religious service, we were allowed to sleep or spend the time as we pleased.

As on every evening then, they released us from the common chain

In a CHAIN GANG

Illustrated by C. K. Shilton

—and not a fugitive, worse luck!

binding us together, but the anklets and the upright chain had to be worn continually.

After supper, Sundays and weekdays, our chains were inspected and tested, and we were marshalled back into the huts. Then there was no alternative but bed—or perhaps I should call it "board," for a rough pallet formed one's only mattress.

A chain passed through our eight hand-rings was secured at each end of the shed, and we were locked in—until four o'clock the next morning.

Usually we were too dog-tired to do anything but sleep, though our chains forbade turning or anything save one or two positions. Any attention to personal cleanliness was out of the question. Even the removal of one's pants over the anklets was, as a rule, far too acrobatic a feat to bother about.

Sunday was noteworthy since it afforded an opportunity for sleep without the handicap of the common chain, some semblance of a bath and perhaps a shave—if you cared to trade your weekly allowance of a plug of chewing tobacco with a guard.

WE read odd scraps of newspaper that came our way, or gambled with pebbles. Without the rest afforded by these Sundays the rigours of the gang would have killed me.

Though talking was not officially permitted, I soon came to know how the men conversed among themselves. At first I tried ordinary speech in a mere whisper, and was clubbed for my pains.

Then the next man in the gang, a boy of twenty condemned to another eighteen years of horror unless his parents could raise the 2,000 dollars necessary for a pardon, instructed me in the art of grunting. Signs and movements and grunts—these formed the code invariably used when guards were present. I had learned it thoroughly within two months.

It was an animal speech, much as you may see the monkeys use in the Zoo. A quiet snarl meant "Bad!"; a jerk of the head indicated the subject; a quick mimic movement provided the verb.

A smile was "Good!"; quickly outstretched fingers gave numbers; grunts provided other words. Try grunting "year," for instance. It might mean nothing, yet it can also mean the word it actually is.

BY this means I discovered the history of my companions and gave them my own. Apart from the young boy on a charge of theft, there was a murderer condemned for life, a forger with four years to run, a manslaughter case with only two months to run—how we envied him!—a tramp like myself and a bootlegger.

Our leader was a man of fifty-five, a lifer on a grave sexual charge. He died that summer. His gradual enfeeblement stands out as the grimmest of my chain-gang memories.

Soon we others had to add to our load and to push him along and presently to carry him. We once complained to the warders, but met with the retort, "Well, let him die!"

As we toiled at the rock, stopping only for the two-hourly supply of water, they ultimately allowed him to stand motionless leaning on his pick, but there was no further relief. We were all glad when he died and we did not have to carry him out to the quarry.

So we existed, day after day. Every morning up at four, then breakfast, then the journey to the quarries, an hour's rest at mid-day and then back again at six, mentally and physically exhausted, animals without souls.

The murderer one week planned to escape and got hold of a piece of sharp stone with which he hoped to file off his anklets, and he intended to dare the desert in at least an attempt at a getaway. The guards discovered the stone, and eyed him in silence.

It was after supper, and we were checked off into our shed. We waited—like frightened sheep. Presently there was the sound of a chain outside and then, unmistakably, its swish through the air. We heard it land, we heard *him* scream. Again and again—two, three, four, five, six—out of the tens into the teens.

He screamed three times after the first three strokes, and then set up a moaning that grew gradually feebler and feebler. Twenty strokes, and then they carried him in.

I cannot tell you what we saw. Other horrors there were, one so vile, the fruit of a depraved warder, that I hardly dare think of it now.

I have written enough to reveal the truth in these stories of the chain gang, the most barbaric form of punishment left on earth to-day.

NEXT WEEK: A lone woman's adventures in the frozen wastes near Cape Horn.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Desperate Last Chance

OUR plea this week is for troubled three-year-old Ruth's dad. Like thousands of ex-Service men, he left his job to join up. A healthy young man he was then, but in fighting for us he lost his health. On his discharge he was granted a pension of 12s. a week for lung trouble due to gas-poisoning, which was increased to £1 a week.

We know that he worked as long as he could, for some years ago we found him a job, which he performed to his employer's entire satisfaction, but the strain proved too great, and he had to enter a sanatorium.

To quote his own words: "During the past five years I have been in three different sanatoriums and three times in hospital. Doctors say I am only fit for light work in the open air. I sleep in one room with wife and three children. My chief aim is to live outside London, so as to safeguard the children's health."

"My husband," his young wife told us, "being a semi-invalid, needs nourishment. The sanatorium treatment was splendid, but the good work is all undone when he comes back to a life of worry and starvation."

His worry is to pay a weekly rental of 15s. out of his £1 pension, and "death insurance for myself," he wrote prophetically, "is absolutely necessary." On the small amount of relief allowed in food-tickets he must feed himself, his wife, Ruth and her brothers, aged six and five years. As to clothes—their wardrobe is in the pawnshop!

Ruth

"To get a little house outside London," his wife says, "would mean putting down at the least £5. We have one room and a kitchen which is overrun with blackbeetles. My husband understands gardening, and if we had a small garden he could add to his pension money. It is his only chance."

Will our readers give him this desperate last chance by sending subscriptions earmarked "Ruth"? These, and donations for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We thank "Abo, the Pedlar," whose pitch is at The Vortex L.B., S.E., for 2s.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

DAILY SKETCH:—"In ninety-nine cases out of TEN."

NORTH DEVON JOURNAL:—"Much REGRET was expressed for his many years of service."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"Make it a little stronger, and let the worker forget his troubles. But man cannot LOVE on beer alone."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"——, accused of stealing a bicycle, was REMEMBERED for a week."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"She carried weight in the matrimonial handicap, the more DECENT débutantes being the favourites."

BANBURY ADVERTISER:—"The first Englishman to fly across the Channel in a light AERODROME."

EVENING NEWS:—"When the cuts have healed she may undergo a skin-GRATING operation."

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST:—"The heroes of our youth are all MEN who made their own laws—Robin Hood, Dick Turpin and QUEEN ELIZABETH."

PERTHSHIRE CONSTITUTIONAL AND JOURNAL:—"The enjoyment of the gathering will be increased by the appearance of a troupe of DANCERS."

BATH EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Several different COUNTRIES can be seen from the gallery at the summit of Beckford's Tower, Bath."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"A constable said when he arrested Mrs. —— there was a large CROWN round her."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Three UNEXPLORED bombs have also been found."

WESTERN INDEPENDENT:—"He gave him supper and a drink of stout at 9.15 A.M."

Thomas may be top of his form this term . . .

and know his Greek from Alpha to Omega, but . . . give him . . .

a daily breakfast of

POST TOASTIES

—crisp, energy-making CORN FLAKES, and next term he'll be in the first eleven too!

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

THIS feature is conducted by Philip Inman, JOHN BULL's "Humanist." Should you need advice on any matter which is causing you anxiety, he will do his utmost to help you. Your letter will, of course, be regarded as strictly confidential, and in no circumstances will your name or address be published. Send your troubles to "Humanist," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each problem dealt with on this page by

PHILIP INMAN

Mothers *can* EXPECT Too Much

"This girl has a right to a life and a home of her own, just as her parents had before her." And no matter how hard the wrench may be the mother must realise this and submit to the inevitable

IT'S a strange world. Why should we cause pain to those we love? And yet we do. There was a tragic story in the papers the other day. It told of a young girl of twenty-three who committed suicide all through a quarrel between her mother and her young man.

The mother, as in so many cases, thought the young man was not good enough for her daughter. And the young man resented the interference of his prospective mother-in-law.

Both of them loved this girl in their own way, and yet they made her life so unbearable that when she was told she must make a choice between mother and lover she sought death as the easiest way out.

NOW the problem of parents *versus* marriage seems to trouble a great many of my readers. Mothers write to tell me (and you can almost hear the sob in their letters) of what they regard as the tragedy of their lives.

They have brought children into the world, nurtured them fondly to maturity, only to lose them to what they consider to be unworthy partners.

And young people, in their turn, wonder sometimes if their parents are just a bit too exacting in expecting them to remain at home when the chance of marriage comes their way.

Let us look at some typical cases.

Here is a letter from a woman who says:

"I am thirty-six years old, and I live at home and look after my aged parents. They are comfortably off, and the cottage in which we live is their own.

"Now I have had an offer of marriage from a man who holds a good business appointment, but if I accept him I shall have to leave my parents because he lives in the North.

"Am I justified in doing this? I truly love my father and mother, and should hate to feel I had made their last days miserable by leaving them."

MY correspondent forgets to tell me one thing—and that the thing which would help me to reach a decision. She says she loves her father and mother. But what are her feelings towards the man who has proposed to her? If she really cares for him, I think she would be perfectly justified in accepting his offer.

Let us look at her position. Her parents are "comfortably off," and, what is very important, they still have each other. Do they know of this proposal? It may be that they would rejoice greatly at the opportunity for happiness that has come to their daughter. Their present concern may be—What is going to happen to her "after we've gone"? Her marriage would provide the solution.

Of course, they will miss her, but in these days of comfortable and rapid transport the distance between North and South is easily bridged. And the question of expense does not arise. Her parents are "comfortably off" and the man holds a "good business appointment."

This girl has a right to a life and a home of her own, just as her parents had before her. And unless they are utterly selfish they would be the first to recognise that fact.

Now let us examine this same problem in a more aggravated form. This time my correspondent is a young man. His mother is a widow, is in delicate health, and relies upon him for financial support.

Surely this is one of those cases where the motto should be "Parent first"? But is it? Let us look at the full circumstances.

"I am," he says, "the younger of two brothers. My father died two years ago, and mother is in bad health. Both my elder brother and I think the world of her, and want to see her get as much happiness out of life as possible. Both of us, too, want to get married.

"But my brother takes the view that as he is the elder he is entitled to marry first and says it is only fair for me to be content to wait for a few years. He has made an alternative proposal that I should get married and share my mother's home. But my girl will not countenance that idea."

AND I think that girl is right. If I were in her place, I don't think I should want to share a home with my mother-in-law, much as I might care for her. After all, the running of a home, if it's only two or three rooms, is one of the thrills and attractions to every young bride.

It's not fair, either, to the elder woman. She has been the mistress of her house. She would naturally resent intrusion and interference from a younger person.

What beats me is the attitude of that elder brother. I find it difficult to believe that "he thinks the world of his mother and desires to see her happy." It seems to me that he wants to shirk his responsibility by passing it on to his younger brother. That is altogether wrong.

My correspondent must not submit to his brother's dictation. The duty towards their mother is a joint one. And the common-sense way out of the difficulty is for those two young men to make provision either by allowing her to remain in her old home, or by taking rooms near by, where they can both visit her. And—who knows?—she may live to take pleasure in her grandchildren.

I have quoted two cases, but I really think the next one is the most difficult of the three. It concerns a woman, who writes:

"I am engaged to a man I truly love, but he has been out of work so long that there is no immediate prospect of our marriage. A fortnight ago a young farmer in a good position, whom I have known all my life, asked me to marry him. He is a very nice man, and I like him very much, but I have no wish whatever to marry him. Here is where the problem comes in.

"I have a mother, who has been twice widowed, and I am the only child of her first marriage. Now she is left with six small children and in very poor circumstances. The farmer is willing to allow mother a small income to eke out her pension, and to assist in other ways.

"Mother says it is my duty to her and the other children to accept this offer and that I ought not to consider myself. I have always tried to help her in every way, but this seems more than I can do. I would gladly wait all my life for the man I love."

THERE have been many epic stories told of wonderful self-sacrifice. Heroic incidents have been recorded when men and women have given themselves for the sake of others. And the world has applauded the fine idealism of such acts.

But self-sacrifice loses most of its virtue if it assists one person at the cost of another.

If my correspondent marries that farmer without loving him, he is not getting a square deal. And how can she possibly love him if there is always at the back of her mind the thought of the other fellow? It would act as a perpetual irritant, and we know what irritation means to married life.

And what about the man she really loves? He is out of work, and probably feels terribly depressed. Suppose, in addition, my correspondent throws him over. It may be the last straw and destroy all his faith in human nature. Many a man has gone to the devil under such circumstances. And my correspondent would not like to feel that she had contributed to that end.

Then there is her own position. The stepchildren about whom she writes are now young, but they will not always remain helpless—they will grow out of that. But you can seldom grow out of a loveless marriage.

The mother calls my correspondent selfish. I would remind her that she owes a duty to her elder daughter just as much as to her younger children.

And it is not mother-love, however desperate the need, that condemns one of its own offspring to a marriage of convenience.

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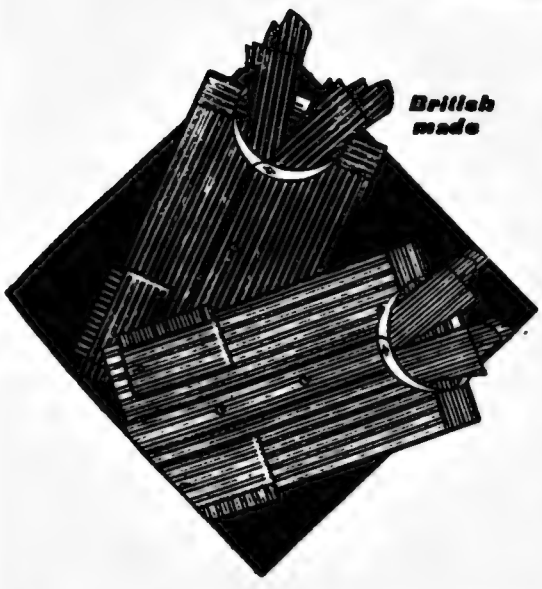

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If you have to travel from London to Newcastle you take the quickest, easiest, cheapest and most modern way. You go by train or motor car. You don't walk.

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But if you wear false teeth and have to keep them clean and pleasant each day—do you use the simplest, least expensive and most perfect method known to science? Do you use Milton—or do you still go on with the old-fashioned, tedious and unsatisfactory scrubbing and brushing?

Nothing that this scientific age has given us is more thoroughly satisfactory than the Milton method of cleaning false teeth. There is everything to be said for it. There is nothing to be said against it.

The very highest dental authorities in England are emphatic in their recommendation of the Milton method. The dental departments of two of our most famous hospitals after an exhaustive seven months' test, say in their formal report:—

"Milton is most useful for the effective cleansing of artificial dentures, and can safely be employed for that purpose without damage to the dentures, provided they are made of the best grade of materials and contain no base metal."

Any dental surgeon can show you this report upon request.

Please note that they specify "no base metal." Actually, there is no justification whatsoever for anything but the best grade of materials being used in any dentures. The very best grades cost only a few shillings more than the cheap, worthless grades. And even the ordinary fluids of the mouth (such as saliva) will very quickly corrode base metals.

Insist upon having the best grade of materials in your denture. And then—as the little book round the Milton bottle fully explains—Milton will keep them in perfect condition for the rest of your life.

Incidentally the same hospital's report also says:—

"Milton shows a pronounced superiority as a mouth wash and germicide over all the other preparations tested."

Could anything be more convincing? Milton costs 6d. The more economical sizes cost 1/-, 1/6 or 2/6—the last mentioned size lasts 9 times as long as the 6d. size. (3)

The KING'S Birthday PRESENTS

WHAT does the King's birthday mean to him?

Does he spend it in much the same way as we spend ours? Are the presents he receives much the same as those we get on our birthdays?

Every time June the Third comes round there must be hosts of His Majesty's subjects who ask themselves these questions.

Well, in giving the answers, let us follow through the royal birthday the clock that chimes the hours in a little turret in the yard of Buckingham Palace. . . .

It will have chimed seven and ticked away thirty more minutes when His Majesty rises. And not many minutes later he will receive his first communication of the day, the "Many Happy Returns" of the Queen, brought by herself.

Then, for a time at least, he must forget his birthday. For he has work to do—more than usual on his birthday.

"Then comes the birthday Trooping-the-Colour ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade . . . ."

It is well known to all the King's friends that it is difficult to summon him to breakfast from the early morning task in which he has occupied himself. "An hour and a half of minor secretarial work before the first meal of the day" is the rule he sets himself.

Stacks of wishes!

At nine, when they tell him that breakfast is ready, he tells them he won't be a second. And at ten past, when they remind him again, he is still "on the way." So it is never before a quarter past that he joins the Queen.

Breakfast over, on his birthday, he moves into a room in which is waiting Sir Clive Wigram, the most polished and urbane of courtiers, who is also his private secretary. It is a big room panelled with books and files and two massive and well-stacked desks. You would recognise it at once as the control room of the Palace's smooth-running office organisation.

Birthday wishes from Sir Clive. More from the trusted typists, five in number, whose names are never revealed to the public, and who enter in turn at the touch of a bell.

And then—birthday wishes in thousands!

Sir Clive Wigram indicates them with a movement of the hand, stacked up on both desks and wherever else there is room. And more basketfuls will arrive throughout the day.

World's greetings

From every major and minor government under the British flag—greetings. From every ruler in the Empire, even the obscurest rajah—greetings. From great institutions that owe so much to the King's help—more greetings. From loyal subjects the whole world over—greetings in thousands, sent in the name of millions.

And presents! They are stacked up in the King's own office and the several annexes in hundreds and hundreds, duplicated so many times over that in some cases the King could use a fresh article every day without using the same one twice.

But alas! for their senders, ninety-nine in a hundred of them have to be returned.

It would obviously be inadvisable, for instance, for the King to accept, say, a quack medicine when the sender of it might display it in a market place as "the identical article accepted by His Gracious Majesty King George the Fifth."

And so the King has decided that he cannot accept presents from private individuals—people who are either unknown to him or are not tendering the present on behalf of people they govern or rule.

Gifts not falling under these heads are carefully wrapped up and returned to the senders, with grateful messages of thanks for the kindness that prompted the sending of them.

There is one great mystery about the presents that are kept And that is why 50 per cent. of them are walking-sticks! But it is a fact that they are. Strange that most people who think of giving the King a gift should think in terms of walking-sticks!

Prince's call

Sir Clive reads many of the messages of greeting, and the King supplies a rough idea of what reply is desired in the form of marginal notes.

Then comes the birthday Trooping-the-Colour ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade.

Fifteen minutes is all the King needs to change into military uniform, for he is an extraordinarily quick dresser. And fifteen minutes after the Trooping-the-Colour ceremony he is the hard-working King again, devoting himself untiringly to his affairs of State.

He always breaks away from this for one thing on his birthday morning—a telephone message to the Prince of Wales, wherever he might be, if he is so far away that a meeting is impossible.

And he finds time, too, to receive presents from his little grandchildren who bring their gifts with their own hands; and time also to take his little Cairn terrier, Bob, for a walk round the Palace grounds. Then lunch—a simple three-course meal with the Queen in the Chinese Room, served at 1.30.

It is at lunch-time that every member of the staff at Buckingham Palace meets to toast the King's health in wine—unless they are under the age of 21, when they are served with a soft drink instead—the long-service servants assembling for this purpose in the Stewards' Hall and the rest in the Servants' Hall.

In both places "God Save the King" is sung with the utmost warmth and feeling, carrying, as it does, not only the loyalty and love of the singers but the pledge of undying service as well.

At tea-time the King inspects the presents from his own family.

They are just the sort of gifts you like to get from those dear to you. A pocket-wallet from one, a picture bought by the Queen at some exhibition she has visited, even a collar for the little Cairn terrier.

And so to bed . . .

Always, too, there are one or more much-sought-after Colonial stamps for the King's unique collection. When he is known to be in want of a particular specimen his sons try to buy one so that they can keep it for his birthday.

Often the King has thought that a specimen he much wanted has been sold to an unknown buyer—only to learn on his birthday that that unknown buyer was one of his own sons.

Later dinner—and the reunion of all members of the Royal Family who happen to be in England, provided the presence of any one of them does not conflict with his duty; the King insists that no son of his must leave his military duties to be present at birthday celebrations, as it is not the sort of thing any other officer is supposed to do.

Then, as often as not, the King will listen for half an hour to a Guards band playing music he and the Queen both love.

And so—10.15—to bed, and FINIS is written to another of His Majesty's birthdays.

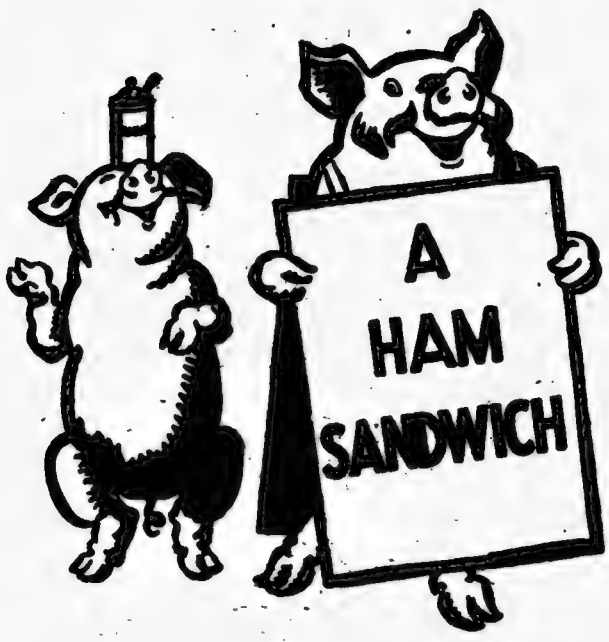
May he have many more!

ARE YOU A HERO?

Have you ever asked yourself what you would do if suddenly called on to display supreme courage in face of physical danger—perhaps death? Or, better still, have you ever tested your courage?

So asks J. Murray Smith, the brilliant descriptive writer, in an introduction to the great new series entitled "Are You a Hero?" which he is writing for the *Passing Show*. In this series he tells of men and women in Great Britain who earn their living by taking hair-raising risks, and he begins by testing his own courage with a flying leap from an aeroplane.

Would you have done such a terrifying parachute drop? Judge for yourself by reading his brilliant account in this week's *Passing Show*, out to-morrow.



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—Colman's Mustard

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

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Write your Slogan on front of a post card, cut out entry coupon, fill in, paste on back of the post card, and post in envelope, together with a label from FLETT'S "V.G." Sauce bottle. Last date of entry June 6th, 1933.

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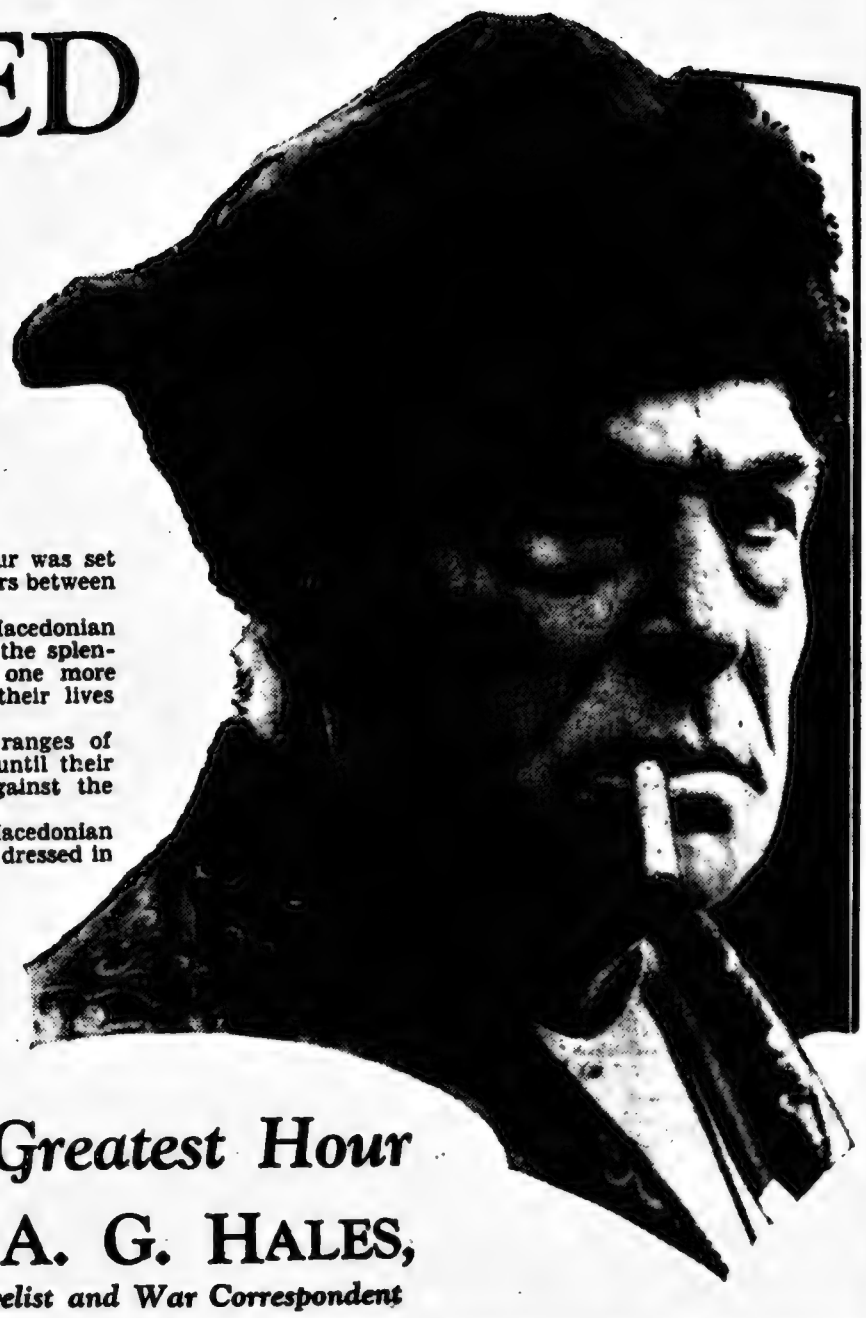

A Greatest Hour

by A. G. HALES,

Novelist and War Correspondent

THE scene that led up to my greatest hour was set in the Perrin Mountains above the borders between Macedonia and Bulgaria.

There was war in the air; the Macedonian mountain chiefs were gathering in all the splendour of their patriotism to fight yet one more campaign against the Turks for their liberties, their lives and the sanctity of their homes.

A little plateau rested between two majestic ranges of mountains that reared their rock-ribbed heights until their snow-crowned peaks seemed almost to brush against the clouds that flecked the sky.

In the centre of that plateau a group of Macedonian soldiers moved to and fro, armed to the teeth and dressed in their sheepskin uniforms. Tall, strong, resolute-looking men, great in the girth, broad of shoulder, iron-faced, they looked good enough to battle for a country's freedom, for a people's right.

A little way off stood two other soldiers, holding between them the national flag of Macedonia. These two were not dressed in sheepskins, but in the uniform of Bulgarian officers of high order.

One was a short, slight little man physically, the very double of Lord Roberts, England's soldier earl; a man with a chilled steel face, who had fought over a dozen campaigns against the Turks, spring after spring.

The other officer was nearly six feet tall, elegantly made with the figure of a perfect athlete and the face of a scholar, visionary, patriot, warrior, and he was all of these things.

Many a time had he gone forth when his country called him to war against the Turks, and now he was preparing once again to risk his all, not for fame, not for money, not for ambition, but because deep in the soul of him he believed that it was his duty to defend the liberties of his people.

Ultimatum

This splendid man was Colonel Nickeloff. No roistering, devil-may-care soldier of fortune was he, but a deeply religious man who believed that the living God was fighting on the side of the cause he had espoused.

It was my duty to report myself to these two officers, the smaller man being General Tzontchenn, the commander of the army of Macedonia that had just risen in revolt.

Having presented my credentials as the representative of a London journal I asked for permission to accompany his troops. I had not long to wait for my reply. It came crisp and stern from the lips of Tzontchenn.

"No, sir; no man can accompany me or my troops to the field of action unless he is sworn in to this flag which I hold in my hand now, and the man who swears in under my banner will be treated as any other soldier who has joined our cause.

"If you fail in your duty, it does not matter what country you were born in or what country you belong to; once sworn to us you belong to us body and soul. And if you break our laws, our regulations, you will be put against the wall and shot out of hand.

The decision

"We have to take these drastic steps in order to keep out the spies that have so often spoilt our enterprises when we have taken the field against the Turks.

"Now you know what the conditions are, do you want to come with us or do you not?"

I thought the matter over for a few moments. Then, stepping up to both officers again and saluting, I said: "This is not the first time I have joined a desperate cause and fought for it. I like the way you lay down your conditions, General. I accept them and will abide by them."

The General gave me a swift salute. Then, pointing to the flag, which he held in his right hand and Nickeloff held with his left hand, he said: "Now kneel and swear. Repeat the oath after me."

I did as I was commanded. When I rose to my feet the General said to me: "Now, sir, you are a soldier of Macedonia, and here," pointing to the Colonel, "is your superior officer. Obey him in all things." With that he dismissed me.

I went across to the soldiers who were lounging about and soon dressed myself in their uniform and took my place as a member of their legion.

There is no need for me to go into details concerning the events of that ill-starred campaign. From the outset it was doomed to failure. The promises made to these Macedonian patriots by foreigners to supply them with guns, ammunition and all the implements of war failed miserably almost as soon as the campaign started.

All that men could do they did, but they were driven from pillar to post by the Turkish Regulars, who were not only superbly drilled and trained in all the arts of war, but possessed every implement required in a mountain campaign.

Soon after the campaign began I was created a captain, and I think I did my duty as Britons usually do when they join up with a foreign legion. I was given the control of a commando, and this I held until the last day of our active service.

That day I shall never forget, for during it I lived my greatest "hour."

General Tzontchenn had lined up a great number of the remnants of his army, and, addressing them, thanked them for their devotion to the cause of their country and informed them that on the morrow they were to be dispersed so that they could retreat across the Bulgarian border and be in safety.

Then, without any ceremony, the General, advancing to me, said: "Sir, I want to tell you in the presence of all our comrades that your Colonel has reported to me that you are a man who has never known fear; that you have ever been the first to volunteer for any duty that seemed hazardous; that you have carried out every duty assigned to you in a soldierly manner worthy of the great country that bred you and lent you to us. In the name of the army of Macedonia, I salute you."

Warrior and Man

And salute me he did in the foreign fashion by taking my shoulders in his hands and drawing my face towards his and kissing me on both cheeks.

Then with a wave of his hand to the troops he ordered them to salute me, and this they did.

That was my greatest hour.

Life had given me many great hours before that day; I have known other hours not devoid of splendour since.

But none so worth living again as that when my big comrades presented arms and saluted me as a warrior and a man.

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COLOURS that MAKE us EAT

UNDER certain conditions colours have an uncanny influence on the eye and mind of the average person.

This power is especially marked in the case of foodstuffs The remarkable greenness and freshness of spring cabbage, the fine deep colourings of damson and similar fruit, are common instances.

In fact, the colours of foodstuffs have a considerable bearing on their selling potentialities.

It is probably this strange phenomenon which accounted for purveyors of foodstuffs resorting to the practice of colouring their commodities—a practice that in recent years has developed to a surprising degree.

All housewives are familiar with the use of cochineal for that delicate pink icing which gives such attraction to the cake and largely accounts for the surprising speed at which it disappears.

Cochineal is a natural colouring matter obtained from the dried bodies of the female cochineal insect and has been used from time immemorial for the purpose of colouring icing. Another is turmeric—a vegetable dyestuff used for giving that appetising colour to piccalilli and similar concoctions.

IS it possible to estimate the number of good housewives who add a small amount of soda to peas when cooking and mutter incantations about it keeping them green? Actually, the soda ensures the pea cooking more quickly owing to its softening effect. Hence the yellowness which comes from too long a boiling is not so noticeable.

These methods, however, of using natural colouring matters for foodstuffs are too unreliable for the large producer and manufacturer of edible commodities, and it has been left to the synthetic or aniline dye manufacturer to produce the necessary dyestuffs exclusively for this purpose

During the post-war period the use of artificial dyestuffs in food colouring has increased widely until at the present time all dyestuff manufacturers of any size have a special department dealing solely with colours for use in foodstuffs.

The most important point to notice about these foodstuff dyestuffs is that they are not ordinary dyes, such as you buy in packets from the local shops, but are highly specialised products, being purified to an intense degree, and all are subjected to researching tests before being allowed to go to the foodstuff producer.

IN addition, they all conform to and are guaranteed under the Foods and Drugs Act, in which the Government sets a specific standard for the purity of foodstuff colouring matters, thus making them perfectly edible and harmless ingredients.

To-day an amazing number of foodstuffs are dyed. The colouring of fish is very common. If you were asked to state the colour of haddock you might say golden yellow or golden brown. But fresh Aberdeen haddock when caught is white and does not assume its golden colour until it has been treated and dyed.

The next time you have haddock for tea, look carefully between the succulent white flakes of the fish and you will observe that the golden colour, which is only on the surface of the fish, has run into the grain of the white flakes during the cooking. This is technically known as "bleeding."

Those kippers on your plate would look very insipid creatures if it were not for the golden brown dyestuff with which they have been judiciously treated. Most of the fish pastes you buy in those handy little pots for sandwiches have also been delicately coloured to give them an appetising appearance.

Maybe you'd think that he wouldn't care what colour the jam was—but jam-makers know better

SAUSAGE meat in the large factories is carefully dyed a fresh pink. This, showing through the skin, gives a fine look to the sausage. The meat in polony and German sausage is similarly treated. The bright red polony skin is not the natural colour of the animal's intestine used for that purpose, but is a dirty grey until it is placed in large pans of red and scarlet dye. It is essential that the skins be airtight and waterproof, so that the dye does not penetrate through the skin into the meat.

Again, those popular commodities known as black puddings would not bear out their name were it not for the black dyestuff which is applied to them.

And what would jellies be without their colour? Simply gelatine. That is what they are made from—gelatine, sugar to taste, a little flavouring. If a raspberry or, alternatively, a lemon flavour is required, the respective dyestuff makes it a simple matter to accomplish, even though lemons and raspberries may have ceased to grow.

Jams also come under the dyer's art. If the season's fruit is not so good and lacks colour—well, a little dye soon remedies Nature's defects.

A favourite with small boys from eight to eighty—blancmange—is merely cornflour, flavouring and whatever colour is desired—lemon, vanilla or, maybe, chocolate.

AND that great standby when mother takes a holiday alone and leaves the family behind—custard (made in those convenient packets so that you merely add the milk and, hey presto! does the egg which was formerly in the hen rejuvenise)—really consists of a little cornflour, flavouring and egg yellow dyestuff which defies the egg-colouring propensities of your best Rhode Island Red.

All varieties of cake powders have suitable additions of colour, as the name or flavour demands. Similarly ice-cream powders. Biscuits are extensively coloured, and for this purpose it is important that the dyestuffs used in the biscuit dough are unaffected by the heat of the stoves in which the biscuits are baked, this being frequently of a high degree of temperature.

Sweets, gums and fondants of all varieties are sometimes very highly coloured. That delightful favourite—bulls' eyes (a kind of non-stop variety sweetmeat in that it changes colour every minute)—possesses considerable colouring matter. Wine gums and similar sweets are merely gelatine and gum arabic, suitably coloured and flavoured.

EVERY household possesses a bag of sugar, but how many know that it has been "blued" to make it a more perfect white? You blue clothes for appearance sake, whiting for whitewashing purposes. Well, why not sugar? If you study closely different qualities of sugar a keen eye can distinguish the differences in the blueing.

Tinned fruits of all kinds—plums, damsons, raspberries, loganberries, peaches and so on—are all subjected to a little dyestuff if required. Usually it is the syrup that is slightly coloured before it is added to the can, and this in turn gradually stains and dyes the fruit between the time it is canned and retailed in the shop.

Then, look at those canned chicken breasts! The tips of each breast have been skilfully painted with dyestuff to give it that well-cooked, golden brown appearance, so stimulating to the gastric juices.

One of the most recent branches of the canning industry is the canning of peas. Unlike the dried packet peas, the canned variety when served compares favourably with the label round the can. Not, however, because of Nature, but merely because of the colourist's art. If it were not for the dyestuff added to canned peas they would possess a very pale yellow appearance when served, and this would spoil their sale.

Such is the magic of colour!

Actually many hundredweights of artificial dyestuffs are produced yearly for human consumption and consumed through the medium of food.

As in other spheres of business, the colouring of food lends itself to the shady and unscrupulous dealer who treats poor quality food with dyestuffs, giving it a first-class appearance. But fortunately the impostor is in a small minority.

Foodstuffs in general benefit from the skilful use of dyestuffs, in that the food has a more wholesome and appetising appearance, with resultant benefits to the community.

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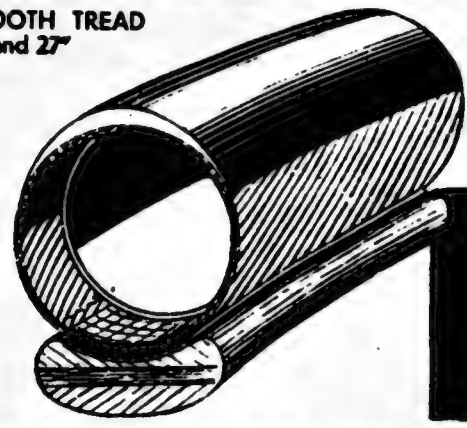

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by

LETTER PARLIAMENT

Contributors

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With their help and my imagination I have been able to travel the world and catch a glimpse of a richer, more colourful existence than the daily routine of everyday life.

The knowledge obtained enables me to mix in any company, confident that I can hold my own on any topic under discussion, intellectually equal to any man.—*William Phillips, London, S.W.*

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Many Changes

Campanology, the art of bellringing, is splendid both for mind and body.

One has to be both mentally and physically fit to ring the changes of the bells, and it is most interesting to study and ring the different methods—say, a peal of grandsire triples of 5,040 changes.

One meets, too, at the various places in the guild associations men of all temperaments, eager to discuss the interesting points, and a splendid feeling is about when this brotherhood meets.—*Harry Eagles, Wigan.*

Bond of Union

Travelling as tandem partner with my husband I count cycling as my best hobby.

With little expense, we can visit England's beauty-spots and roam the countryside at leisure. No need to rely on trains or 'buses to carry us to a fixed destination; we just potter along with a feeling of freedom and independence.

And, returning home along the highway, the cheery "Good nights" of passing cyclists remind us of the great friendliness existing between unknown wheelfolk on the road.—*G. E. Knowles, Liverpool.*

Akin with Nature

Poultry-keeping is healthy, interesting and profitable. It is always changing—first breeding; then incubation, rearing and bringing the youngsters to maturity. If the local club is joined, there are shows to be seen, exhibiting to be done, and the pleasure of winning cups, etc.

What is better, after being in a factory all day, than pottering among your birds and knowing that you are dealing with one of Nature's finest machines, and all for little cost.—*G. Kilbey, London, E.*

For Mind and Body

For all-the-year-round enjoyment and for combining enterprise with pleasure there is no finer hobby than gardening. A well-kept garden brings pride to the owner, and the magical gifts produced therein give unbounded pleasure.

This is a pastime which provides wholesome exercise for mind and body alike, and forms within the gardener habits of industry, thrift and self-respect.

Home gardening appeals equally well to both sexes, for it is full of never-ending surprises.—"*Amateur Gardener*," *Mon.*

Satisfaction

The study of European languages is both useful and instructive. Useful, as it enables me to read the "other fellow's" point of view in his own newspapers

Instructive, because it revives my knowledge of grammar and enables me to trace the origin of a good number of everyday words in our own language.

Above all, there is the satisfaction of having increased my education, knowledge of literature, and general outlook on life.—*W. E. Crewe, Cambridge.*

Happy Hours

Music is a hobby that gives "gaiety to happiness" and a "charm to sadness." It is a language understandable everywhere and by everybody, by the young and by the old.

It brings delight to listeners, and many happy hours are passed away with all that the word "music" contains.

Very true are those words, "Music hath charms," for many are the troubles forgotten while under the charm of melody. It brings me many enjoyable hours that otherwise would be idle ones.—*P. J. S., Swindon.*

Fascinating

I consider my work as a scoutmaster the finest hobby any man could have.

Helping to train and guide youngsters to a useful purpose in life is a fascinating pastime, and, if tackled in an enthusiastic manner, can never grow irksome. It helps to keep one's mind and body young and alert.

There may be at times disappointments in results, but so long as one can help to be the means of good seed falling on some fruitful soil, that hobby will not have been in vain.—*Colin West, Deron.*

Busy Bees

Bee-keeping is most interesting and profitable. Really to know all about bees requires a life study, and this adds to the charm of watching them.

To know their habits, to see their marvellous industry, for some of them labour among the fragrant flowers from early morn to late twilight, and at last to gather the clear, pure, golden honey, is a never-ending joy to me.—*J. D., Bangor.*

On Foot

Walking holds first place among the endless variety of hobbies—walking which has for its object the search for beauty in life.

To breathe the pure and open air of heaven; to be at peace with God and men among the woods and meadows; to know that everything is good—this is a hobby whose merits shine as the richest gem.

Though not of the "open shirt and shorts" calibre, I do enjoy walking, even when the wind and rain beat into my face and remind me that Nature can be studied in many moods.—*H. Skilton, Surrey.*

Image of Life

We learn by chess caution, not to do things too hastily; foresight, to look ahead and consider what may be the result of our actions; circumspection, to survey the whole scene.

We learn not to be discouraged by the present bad state of affairs and to persevere in search of resources.

Chess is catholic and common to every country. It possesses a history, language, literature, poetry, prose, science and art of its own.

The game is the image of human life, and one often discovers a way of extricating one's self from apparently insurmountable difficulty.—*J. T. Steele, Middlesex.*

* * *

Collecting the most beautiful quotations from great poets and authors, making a point of adding one fresh quotation each day.—*F. W. L., Cleethorpes.*

I can't think of anything that gives me more pleasure than putting on my cookery apron and preparing to bake.—*E. Moore, Belfast.*

My organ. With it I "improvise" my heaven in blissful oblivion and awake a new man.—*Organist, Birmingham.*

Economics is more fascinating than any "thriller." It gives a new and wider view to world politics and a fresh angle to one's business life.—*M. H., Folkestone.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, June 6.

The Man I Would Make a Knight—and Why

Race with "Silver Ring"

Lord Astor's Racing Luck

THE Derby of 1933 will be Turf history before this issue of JOHN BULL is on sale, and I am hoping that followers of my notes will have garnered sufficient from it to help towards the Whitsun holiday.

I have been looking up Lord Astor's wonderful record in the Oaks, as I expect him to win the fillies' classic with Betty. It is remarkable that he should find this prize so comparatively easy to win and the Derby to evade his reach.

Sunny Jane, Pogrom, Saucy Sue, Short Story and Pennycomequick have credited this sporting peer with the Oaks. Buchan, Craig an Eran, Tamar and St. Germans have filled second place for him in the Derby.

Mannamead went wrong before last year's classics and Canon Law had to be scratched this year. In these two colts Lord Astor probably has the best four and three-year-old in training.

Mannamead has run six times and remains unbeaten. I think he will add the Coronation Cup to his spoils. Canon Law won his only race last year. We shall probably see this son of Colorado later on when the ground is softer.

Kempton Park offers a way out if Epsom has proved disastrous, and I suggest that the following hold good chances of winning at respectable odds: Bridge Fiend, Melee and Nisona.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 1, to Wednesday, June 7.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

93989694WZKJ94 would read INTERLACE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DKYW94298 would read MAUREEN.

10 Men *have* Proposed Marriage

TO THIS GIRL IN ONE MONTH

Drapery shop girl tells never-failing secret which fascinates men.

When interviewed she said, "I am a saleswoman in a draper's shop. The only reason I can think of that so many men want to marry me is that I have always taken very great care of my complexion. I found that the use of ordinary face powders dried up the skin and caused it to become rough, coarse and blemished. Therefore, I use Poudre Tokalon which is blended with Mousse of Cream. This not only softens, protects and beautifies the skin but gives me a beautiful complexion which looks fresh and lovely all day long. As a matter of fact, more than one of my suitors has confessed that it was my fresh girlish complexion that attracted him."
The Mousse of Cream scientifically blended in Poudre Tokalon not only prevents the powder from drying up the skin, but makes it stay on in spite of wind or rain and even when dancing in the hottest ballroom. Gives that marvellous complexion beauty that every man adores.

Learn by Your Failures.

Use **Agfa** *ROLL FILMS*

NEXT Time

and have no more failures

If you would be convinced of the superiority of AGFA FILMS—and be amused at the same time—write for FREE BOOKLET to :—

(Dept. J.B.) AGFA, LTD., 1-4, Lawrence St., High St., W.C.2

FENNINGS

For Children cutting their Teeth.
Prevent Convulsions.
Are Cooling & Soothing.
Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?
Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to :-
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

B·D·V 'MAC'

125 COUPONS

or 115 only if you cut out and send the voucher below

***A 'MAC' FOR 125 COUPONS** would at any time be a gift to attract attention. And when the 'Mac' is of the quality and style of those illustrated, such a gift is nothing short of marvellous. More important still! — these 'Macs' are being given away by B.D.V—the cigarette that has held such a high place in the affection of smokers for over thirty years . . . . . change to B.D.V to-day!*

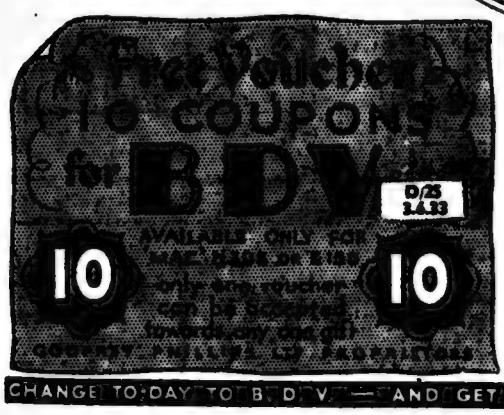
GIFT NO. N398. *Gents' Lightweight Waterproof* in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models—Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt. All sizes from 34 inch chest to 44 inch, increasing 2 inches a size.

125 COUPONS

GIFT NO. 8159. *Ladies' Lightweight Waterproof.* A smart coat of finest proofed Indiana. Full-cut pockets and storm cuffs. Choice of colours : Fawn, Blue, Green, Dark Mauve, Dark Rose, Putty.
All sizes 36 inch length to 48 inch, increasing 2 inches a size. Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.

125 COUPONS

smoke **B D V** *cigarettes*
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.



No matter how many coupons you find in a 6d. packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than one B.D.V coupon.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

B.D.V TOBACCO—11½d. per oz. *with coupons*

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE!*

RECORD £3,700 CROSSWORD OFFER

RECORD SUM FOR RUNNER-UP £300

BIG DEBATE AWARD OF £100

ADDITIONAL BONUS OF £300

BETWEEN ALL PRIZE-WINNERS WHO ARE REGISTERED FOR "JOHN BULL'S" FREE WEEKLY "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" BY THURS., JUNE 15

£3,000

"JOHN BULL'S" MONSTER FIRST PRIZE

CLOSING NOON THURS. JUNE 15

POST this £300 BONUS COUPON TO-DAY

IF you are not already registered for "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" (incorporating "Bullets Bulletin" and "Couplets Courier") post this coupon and secure your free copy of this valuable guide to the prize-list for 12 consecutive Thursdays. You thus become eligible for a share of an extra £300 Bonus with any prize you win in this Record Offer.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No.....covering postage on 12 weekly issues of "Crossword Gazette," commencing with first issue available.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ALL previous records are beaten by the astounding Crossword offer now before you. Here is an array of prizes reaching the wonderful total of £3,700!

The list starts with a huge First Prize of £3,000—a fortune sufficient to make you comfortable for life.

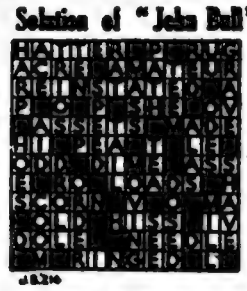
The enormous First Prize, however, is only one attraction of "John Bull's" colossal £3,700 contest—you will see above how an extra £700 must be won for solving the entertaining Crossword below.

Register to-night for "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* with the £300 Bonus coupon provided—and be sure that your entry is in by Noon, Thursday, June 15th.

"John Bull" will pay £3,000

for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £300 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra award of £100 will be made to the prize-winning entrant whose square adjoining winning solution contains fewest errors. In case of tie for any prize, it will be divided accordingly. Solution and winner of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 29th, 1933.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 214



JB 214

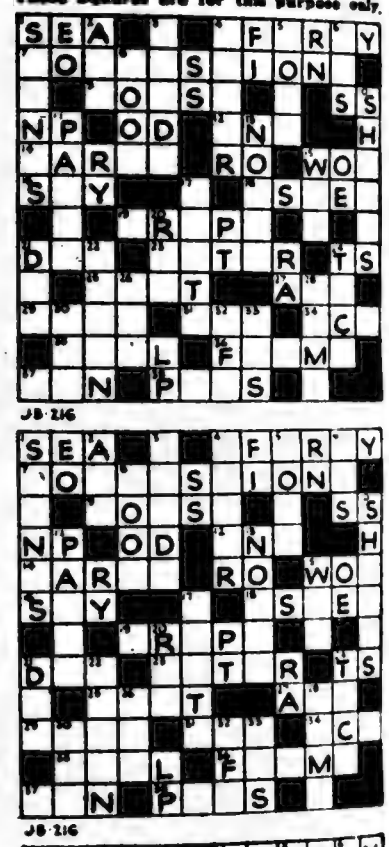
Winners in 213 on page 12. Result of 214 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 214 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

POST ABOVE BONUS COUPON to Crossword Gazette Dept., 36, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2. Make P.O. payable to "John Bull" and Cross it "& Co."

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

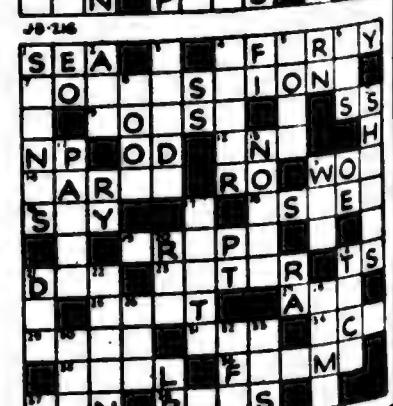
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These Squares are for this purpose only.



JB 216

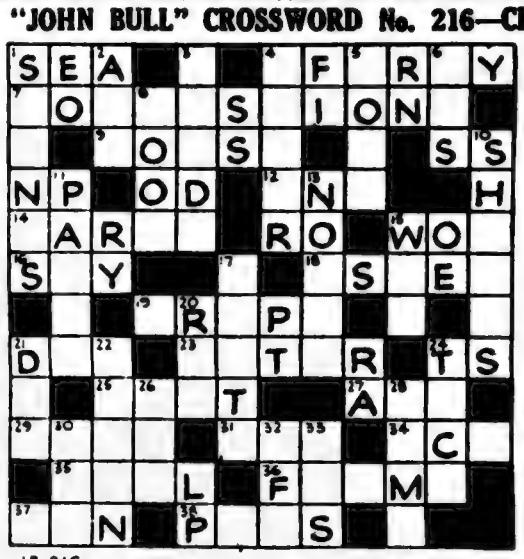
JB 216



JB 216

JB 216

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 216—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1933.



JB 216

JB 216

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

SIGN EACH COUPON ENTERED

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 216—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1933.

JB 216

JB 216

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

STUDY THESE CLUES:

ACROSS

1. The briny
4. A brawl
7. Force sometimes secures them
8. Goes well with marmalade
12. Conclude
14. Noblemen ranking above Viscount
15. Make love to
16. A fox is this
18. A rushy plant
19. They show wrestler's skill
21. A colouring liquid
22. Later in time
25. Uncle's wife
27. Rubber is spoilt by
29. These gather in fish
31. Took a seat
34. Poor player may ruin its effect
35. Cotton is wound on
36. Are sometimes ruined by incompetent directors
37. Heated bearing may injure
38. Proud owner keeps them in good condition

DOWN

1. Cook's generally good at making these
2. Busy little insect
3. Are lost through becoming unstrung
4. Star-like flower
5. Sheep are usually turned into
6. He eats thistles
8. Describes a man who ignores all risks
10. Are worn by the sun
11. Getting this makes men shake
13. Loop in a rope
15. Sometimes a cause of laughter
17. Domestic quarrels may arise from
20. Went swiftly
21. Attracts attention of neighbours
22. Consumed
24. Slang for "detectives"
25. Employ
26. Rough weather ruins it
28. Period of years
32. Stern of a ship
33. Poet's contraction of "It is"

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 15th.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misbid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, June 29. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 11, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £300 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. Add 6d for each additional two squares submitted. See Rules.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

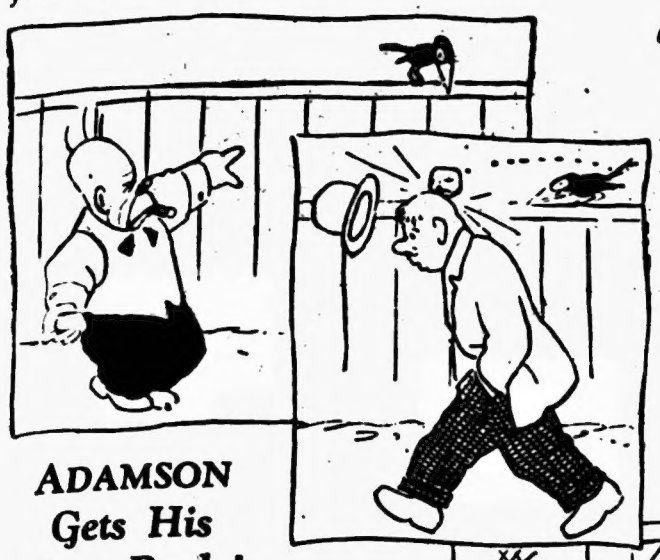
ADDRESS ENTRY:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 216, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to Crossword Gazette Dept., 36, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

The Editor LAUGHS LAST



ADAMSON Gets His Own Back!

MOTORIST (Sutton).—"I go crazy over new cars." And under them?

G. B. (Nelson).—"Fishing exercises every muscle." Of the imagination?

B F. (Ipswich).—"Most gardeners seem to like the hoe." To lean on, yes.

P. O. P. (Enfield).—"When I apply for an overdraft my bank manager simply smiles." They usually frown.

CURIOUS (Edinburgh).—"What do you really think of wireless?" The more we think of it the less we think of it.

B. J. (Colchester).—"I know what I am writing about." That's where you have the advantage over us.

CURIOUS (Leicester). — "What makes meek men usually marry domineering women?" The domineering women.

NATURALIST (Exeter). — "Certain hares can leap seven feet in the air." They have nothing on uncertain pedestrians.

AUTHOR (W.C.).—"I am one of the finest writers in the country." It is a pity you couldn't keep it up in the city.

ARCHITECT (Kew).—"I plan houses with revolving pantries." Making the food go round.

K. G. (Stirling).—"Politicians of to-day are just as sensible as those of last generation." That's just the trouble.

S. G. (Manchester).—"How can I brighten my outlook?" Clean the windows.

F. R. (Ely).—"Everyone declared that I had a nice drawing-room voice." After you had sung in the local hall?

R. G. (Hull).—"Is there anything among the enclosed articles that you can use?" Yes, the paper clips.

NATIONALIST (Edinburgh).—"Scotland is free to-day." Tourists know better than that, of course.

A. B. (North Kensington).—"Guess what I said when my wife told me to shut up." "Yes, darling"?

HIKER (Leytonstone).—"I love the scent of the countryside." We don't care much for the smell of petrol ourselves.

J. S. (Manchester).—"Do you think girls are quick at seeing a joke?" Yes, if they have a pretty set of teeth.

G. P. (Stratford-on-Avon).—"Is there anything you cannot understand about this article?" Only why you wrote it.

G. B. (Cardiff).—"Cork is being spoken of as a coming substance for new roads." It should be very good for bottle necks.

A. P. (Leeds).—"What is a good reducing exercise?" Move the head rapidly from left to right and *vice versa* when offered another helping.

F. A. (Chelsea).—"I come from a family of novelists, and why I cannot write a book I have no idea." That's the reason.

MRS. N. (Stroud).—"There is one thing a man usually forgets when he discards his winter suit for a spring one." His season ticket.

C. T. (Leeds).—"Don't you realise that my head is on fire?" Well, you can hardly expect the smell of burning wood to reach us from Yorkshire.

G. J. (North Berwick).—"The swimming costume worn by an actress in a new film cost £100." The material works out at about £400 a yard.

TOM (Dundee).—"When I asked him to send me a fiver he refused. What sort of kindness do you call that?" Unremitting kindness.

G. C. (Halifax).—"It is untrue that I married my wife just because her uncle left her a fortune." Of course, it is—you would have married her no matter who left it to her.

T. H. M. (Walthamstow).—"I have at last decided that I am in favour of the cancellation of war debts." We had begun to wonder who was holding things up

D. H. (Hull).—"My wife is annoyed when I smoke." So she fumes, too?

E. C. (Hastings).—"Long engagements are becoming fashionable again." We must tell that to our cook.

D. E. (London, N.).—"It's not by any means plain sailing on the seas of matrimony." There is too much rowing, eh?

G. R. (Barnet).—"You will notice that my letters are non-political, non-sectarian, non-party——" And non-sense.

G. O. (Leeds).—"I hear that several dukes will soon close down their country houses and shooting lodges for economy." Their saving Graces.

POET (Rugby).—"Will you give me a free criticism of the enclosed poem?" Free, perhaps, but certainly not complimentary.

HARRY C. (Shepperton).—"My wife visits the beauty parlour every week." It's a wise husband who knows his own wife nowadays.

OLD FOSSIL (London, S.).—"A young lady at the post-office said softly, as I handed over a halfpenny for a stamp, 'Thank you.'" And you are leaving hospital any time now, we hope.

A. N. (York).—"I like sleeping in the open air." Do they wake you when stumps are drawn for the day?

H. J. (Inverness). — "What do hikers do during the week?" Recover.

W. P. (Manchester). — "I'm preparing for the holidays." Buying an umbrella?

PETER (Kilmarnock).—"Chickens are very like human beings." The good die young.

J. W. (Rickmansworth).—"Spinach makes one's brain alert and clear." Who told you?

J. H. K. (Romford).—"'Buses certainly seem to get up speed nowadays." Have you been trying to catch one, too?

G. H. K. (Matlock).—"Would I be bold to take up cricket at seventy years of age?" No, bowled.

E. D. (Birkenhead).—"What is it that every woman knows?" A bargain when she sees one.

S. H. (London, W.).—"We don't see so much of tragedy in our theatres to-day." But the management does.

MRS. I. G. (Ponder's End).—"I am very sore about my recent investments." Did they fall heavily?

J. O. T. (Birmingham).—"Why is slimming not popular among men?" Because they like to be considered stout fellows.

N. T. A. (Aberdeen).—"When was meat at its highest?" When the cow jumped over the moon, of course.

C. R. (South Shields).—"I consider myself a very outspoken man." Yes, when the wife begins.

S. R. (Cardiff).—"Comedians are often very serious persons in private life." Especially when they cannot raise laughs on the stage.

M. F. (Brighton).—"I got a splinter under my nail." Another argument against scratching the head is that it isn't etiquette.

AMY (Grimsby).—"I wrote this letter a month ago, but I mislaid it and later found it in my work-basket." Then it should feel quite at home in our w.p.b.

H. Y. (Exmouth).—"There is a time when it is not diplomatic for a man to tell his wife the whole truth." Particularly when he comes home at three o'clock in the morning.

MRS. M. H. (Kirkstall).—"Imagine my surprise when daddy shouted upstairs: 'A £1 cheque from JOHN BULL for you!'" Imagine your greater surprise if you enter this week's best *Bullet* and a £500 telegram arrives for you on June 23!

POET (St. Albans).—"My critics say there is nothing perfect about my work. Well, just look over the enclosed poems." Your critics are wrong. They are perfect—rot.

HIKER (Cheam).—"I didn't know whether to face a herd of bulls or jump into the path of tooting motor-cars." You were on the "horns" of a dilemma either way.

PLUMBER'S WIFE (Rugby).—"Between getting the children off to school and preparing the midday meal I have a very busy time." Ask your husband to call for your messages when he is coming back for the tool he will forget.

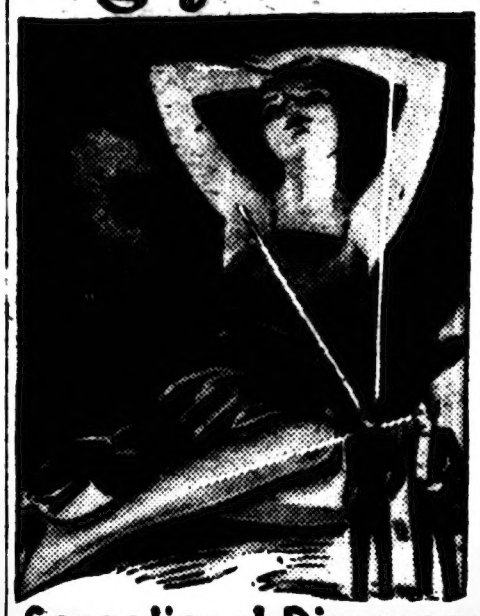
H. C. (Nottingham).—"I see that Larwood threatens to give up county cricket if leg theory is barred." Perhaps he's leg pulling now.

A. J. M. (Hammersmith).—"I read that a gang of motor bandits were arrested at Southend while posing as a party of picnickers." Suspicion was first aroused, we understand, when it was observed that they had brought no gramophone with them.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

New Way to Banish Ugly Hair



Sensational Discovery of British Scientist

Men detest superfluous hair. They never find a woman attractive who suffers from it. To-day, in three minutes, you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair, and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. No dangerous and nasty smelling pastes—no painful electric needles—no razor, which only makes the hair grow thicker.

Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British chemist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the NEW VEET—a white cream guaranteed 100% pure. As easy to apply as a face cream, and delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET. At all chemists and hairdressers, 6d. and 1/6d.

STOMACH SUFFERERS NOW EAT HEARTILY.

If you have to be careful what you eat, if you have to refuse all your favourite foods while you watch others enjoying pickles and cucumbers and all the things you like best, here is good news for you.

Men and women who have suffered the pangs of indigestion for years, some who could not eat any solid food, now eat anything, thanks to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is a formula used by hospitals and doctors to cure the worst forms of stomach trouble, and it ends pain and distress, brings peace and comfort after eating, and relieves even the most obstinate cases.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. But be sure of getting the perfect product, ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons, in Powder or Tablet form. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, from all chemists.

A FREE OFFER

The New Elasto Treatment which is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins Bad Legs, Piles and kindred ailments, is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dpt. 18A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

TRAGEDY *of the House Next Door*

THERE is a deserted air about the house next door. The blinds are drawn, the windows and doors are locked. The family has gone to the seaside for the week-end. In place of the merry scamper of feet there may come the furtive, stealthy tread of the burglar. He reaps his richest harvest at holiday-time and laughs at bolts and bars.

Before going away on *your* holiday—whether it's a day, a week or a month—do not be content with just "locking up"—make protection doubly sure by registering for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance, which covers the home against loss by theft arising from Burglary and Housebreaking up to £200.

A London reader who took the precaution to register only three weeks before his house was burgled writes: "Thanks for your cheque for £20. It speaks volumes for the fairness of your scheme that payment should have been so adequate."

HOLIDAY RISKS

JOHN BULL also covers you against boating and bathing accidents, sports accidents and other risks taken whilst on holiday.

The registration forms are below—sign them now if you have not already done so.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/6/33

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/6/33

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

Cash the Coupons

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Now His Dream Home's

BRICKS *and* MORTAR

HEADING this page you see a Trade Union official, Mr. A. Curtis—and his comfortable new home at 17, First Avenue, Bearsden, Glasgow.

Behind the house is a well-stocked garden. And behind the garden lies the story of how Mr. Curtis realised an ambition he had always cherished.

Some months ago he sowed the seed of a *Bullets* "beanstalk" by scribbling a few words on the flap of a cigarette packet. Swiftly that seed grew into a tree, and soon its branches enabled him to climb to the heights of the *Bullets* prize-list and pocket a cheque for £500.

The sequel came in a letter he wrote to JOHN BULL the other day. It was written beneath a roof made possible by *Bullets*. And as he wrote it he looked out at a garden of flowers which Long Acre had also provided.

His dream home had become a reality. The garden he had longed for was his. The *Bullets* miracle had happened to him.

You will probably remember the *Bullet* which placed Mr. Curtis at the top of the prize-list. The way it dealt with the woes of an amateur gardener was: TO CONQUER THE WORLD—SONNY'S AMBITION—GARDEN, FATHER'S.

It will help you to win this week's £500 for a few words if we recall for your assistance how this effort grew from an idea to a *Bullet*.

"I picked up *Bullets Bulletin*," were Mr. Curtis's words, "and the *Example*, TO CONQUER THE WORLD, attracted me immensely. My mind 'photographed' a youth full of energy, his eyes glistening with ambition. I fixed that impression in my mind.

"Twenty minutes afterwards," the winner continued, "I was walking in the garden, armed with fork and spade. As I surveyed the after-winter chaos, the second part of my *Bullet* came like a flash—to conquer this garden."

Down went that idea on the cigarette packet. Back went Mr. Curtis to the house. A few minutes later he had sorted out the words to his satisfaction and produced his First Prize effort.

"Develop the *Bullet* mind," is the advice which Mr. Curtis offers to every would-be winner, coupled with the reminder that there are *Bullets* to be found in almost every phase of life.

"It is surprising" he remarks, "how many little things one sees or does during each day's routine—either on the way to, from, or during one's work—which can be attached to an *Example* with profit."

Some idea suggested by one of this week's *Examples*, linked with some incident from your own daily round, may bring you that splendid First of £500 waiting on the opposite page. And every minute you spend on *Bullets* this week will help you in the battle of words for next week's Midsummer Giant.

WHO WANTS TO SEE THE WORLD?

A World Cruise for Two in a floating palace, S.S. *Empress of Britain* — £1,000 in your pocket — and £4 a week for life in addition!

Three Giant Awards in one (with £3,000 as a cash alternative) is the Record Midsummer *Bullets* Prize which will soon be within your reach. More news of this sensational offer next week!

CASH AND MOTORING PRIZES WON—"BULLETS" No. 893

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND WEEK'S FREE MOTORING.

Mr. F. GREENBANK, 41, Oulton Road, Lowestoft.

Example:—MY TIP

Bullet:—TO TRENCHARD—"GO QUIETLY!"

(Entered on "Season Ticket" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 AND WEEK'S FREE MOTORING:

Mr. C. FIRTH, 7, Station Terrace, Gelcar, nr. Huddersfield.
Example: My Tip
Bullet: "Prosperity's Derby"—British Donkey.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 AND WEEK'S FREE MOTORING:

Mr. M. DOCHERTY, 7, Nile Street (top), Greenock, N.B.
Example: Off To Work
Bullet: Pipe Going—"Pip" Gone.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

F. ARCHIBALD, 3, Verona Villas, Avenue Road, Bournemouth.
A Week's Holiday—Tans Face—"Colours" Year.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

F. CRESSWELL, 79, Cannons Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.
My Tip—"Home First" *That's* "Intelligence."

W. R. DAVIS, 19, Priory Avenue, Harlow, Essex.
Relations — "Tapping" — "Atmosphere" Shows "Change."

A. GILLEARD, 269, Wallasey Village, Wallasey.
Urgently Needed—Pad For Cricketers' *Mouths*.

W. HARDING, 33, Canadian Avenue, Salisbury.
In The Queue—"Filling's" Wearing Him Down.

C. P. HOWDEN, Nuebrex, Wickersley Road, Rotherham.
To Save The Ship—Ha'porth O' *Tarifs* Useless.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

H. W. KEMP, 54, Rectory Grove, Leigh-on-Sea.
Now She's Mine—Mine's A Double—Responsibility!

H. SHEPPARD, 51, High Street, Glastonbury.
Pills The Gap—Work—Prevents Youth "Straying."

J. A. T. STEVENS, 38, West Street, Eston.
A Week's Holiday—Loosens Step—Lessens Stoop.

S. WATTS, Croft, Exbridge, Dulverton.
All Over The Place—"Ladders," Were Statesmen "Builders."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

F. BAGLIN, 55, Wornington Road, North Kensington, W.
Little Cupid—Little? What a Whopper!

R. CARSON, 98, Port Glasgow Road, Greenock.
At Last—Envelope—Thrilling As First.

L. A. CORNISH, 24, Uplands Road, Bristol.
Relations—"String" Deciding My "Rope."

P. COX, 50, Rectory Street, Manchester.
Curious Chap—That Takes "Take That!"

E. DAVISON, 47 Collingwood Road, Welhartlepool.
Off To Work—Again, So Noticing Sunshine.

E. R. DENNIS, Main Street, Thringstone, Leics.
Now She's Mine—"Here, You!" *Calling* Me.

W. E. GLYNN, 31, Anglesea Avenue, Harraghey, Manchester.
Miles Behind — Advanced Woman—in Womanliness.

A. HOWE, Warrington Hotel, Maida Vale, W.
Little Cupid—"Broken"—Feet On Mantelpiece.

G. JONES, 62, Southcote Road, Bournemouth.
Fills The Gap—Nobody's Noticed.

G. YOUNG, Mount Pleasant, Weybridge.
Little Cupid—"Plugged" Me—"Stopped" Loneliness.

A list of 86 10s. and 580 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 897 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for 500 guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 892 will be displayed at Messrs. Wyman's Bookstall, Exchange Station, Manchester.

FINE BULLETS FIRST and UNLIMITED BIG BONUSES

£500

£50

£25

OTHER PRIZES
10 of £5 — 10 of £2·10s.
50 of 10/- — 500 of 2/6
2,000 NO SEAT YACHTS
8,000 "TARGET" PANELS

£2 EXTRA . . .

to every cash prize-winner this week who passes this simple test. Forecast in ink on the back of your coupon the number of the *Bullet* below which will be considered best by a committee of adjudicators. If the coupon containing your cash prize *Bullet* bears an accurate forecast, your prize will be augmented by this £2 bonus.

(1) In Unemployment's Desert—My "Place In Sun."
(2) She'd Be Happy If—Her "Prince" Talked Business.
(3) After A Job—"High And Low" Nowadays
(4) Popular Delusion—"Jam" without "Spreading Ourselves."
(5) Pretty Tough—When "Tendet" Years "Ugly."
(6) When Cars Cost £10—We'll "Get Our" Oftener.

•DON'T FORGET YOUR £2 FORECAST IN INK ON THE BACK OF COUPON.•

THIS WEEK ONLY!

CLOSING SAT., JUNE 10 . . . 1st. PRIZE TELEGRAM FRI. JUNE 23.

OVER £1,800 CAN BE WON THIS WEEK!

THE stream of fresh ideas from Long Acre is unending, and before you to-day is another offer without parallel. For the sender of the best *Bullet* entered, the splendid sum of £500 is waiting. But the arresting attraction about this contest is the offer of hundreds of £2 Cash Bonuses.

This novel extra offer means that you can actually receive £2 2s. 6d. for a coupon which is placed amongst the half-crown winners. And as you are proceeding as instructed to add this £2 Bonus to your cash prize, you will be actually getting the best possible training for writing a winner yourself.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*. Suppose, for instance, you take the *Example* To Revive Trade; by adding the words Chancellor Trying "Cold Water" you would complete a typical *Bullet*. To help you further, make a close study of the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page, noting the ordinary every-day words used in their construction.

You could have made up any one of these winners yourself. So start to work on some prize *Bullets* of your own, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, June 10.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT	FROM NOW ON
WHERE NATIONS GO WRONG	LAW AND ORDER
OUR FRIEND, THE POLICEMAN	EYE-WASH
THE BOARDER GROANED AND	AT OUR REGATTA
PAINTING THE FUTURE	ALL AGREED
GLORY OF THE GARDEN	SINKING
WOMAN WHO'S WAITING	WAKING UP
WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL	FAR TOO MANY
AT THE CONFERENCE	OUT OF TUNE
STUDYING ECONOMY	SPENT
WHY HE PROPOSED	IN HER HEART
WHOLE-HEARTEDLY	NAUGHTY CHILD
COMING TOGETHER	FINAL BLOW
GOT ME THROUGH	SWINDLED
SPITEFUL CAT	BACK TO NATURE
LOOKING AT LIFE	TO REVIVE TRADE

REMEMBER YOUR £2 FORECAST!

If you want £2 extra with any cash prize you win this week, remember your forecast in ink on back of each coupon, as instructed in offer above.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE 3-IN-1 HELP!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin* many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Passing Show's Couplets Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette*.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(897) Closing SAT., June 10 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(897) Closing SAT., June 10 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(897) Closing SAT., June 10 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(897) Closing SAT., June 10 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry. "Bullets" No. 897, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

£600 BUMPER FIRST — 550 BULLETS SEASON TICKETS

MY PRESCRIPTION FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all Dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

By Wm. Shadforth, Ph.C., *Editor of "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health," Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.*

The healing of the body has not been my only work in life. I have contributed my bit to the economical, social and spiritual needs of my fellow-creatures. My latest contribution is my "Prescription for Unemployment," a treatise I have written because I am quite sure that there is a way to keep everybody usefully employed provided he is really willing and able to work. My plan will provide work for all if properly carried out. As a special offer to "John Bull" readers I will send a free copy to all who comply with the conditions set out below. See my free offer. Simply use the coupon.

With regard to medicines, I commenced dispensing them in the year 1884, and have probably dispensed more than any man living. Millions of people have been served by me, and they owe their health, happiness and freedom from pain to these wonder-working Shadforth Prescriptions, which are prescribed in one form or another by leading doctors all over the world. Below is a selection of Prescriptions mostly in use at this time of the year. One or more of them is needed in every household. Turn your back on illness—get back good health and happiness and enjoy life, by ordering those you need. These Prescriptions are backed by the personal knowledge, skill and experience of Mr. William Shadforth, who guarantees their quality, purity and efficacy.

*** With every order I will send free a copy of "My Prescription for Unemployment," together with valuable Health Hints. Seize the opportunity now by sending the coupon below with your order.**

Now Read Below—Some of the World's Best Guaranteed Prescriptions

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

Healthy Heart. *Hearty Health.*

GIVE YOUR HEART THIS NEW LEASE OF LIFE!

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will **strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.** Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription **prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your failing-to-pieces feeling.**

Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers) with marked benefit. See adjoining paragraph headed "Depression." Order one of each and quickly feel 10 YEARS YOUNGER!

'SHADFORTH' BRAND ASPIRIN COMPOUND

The National Pain-Killer

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound**, the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach nor harm the heart. It does far more than ordinary Aspirin can accomplish. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

MORE FAMOUS WONDER-WORKING REMEDIES

No. 2000	Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Biliousness.	1/3, 3/-.
No. 32	Sleeplessness, Sound Sleep without Drugs.	2/6, 4/6.
No. 74/T	Acute Gout, Muscular Pains, Uric Acid Troubles.	2/6, 5/6, 10/6.
No. 442	Blackheads, Pimples, and Bad Complexion.	1/9, 3/3.
No. 801	A Special Corn Cure Salve In tins at	6d.
No. 331/T	Nasal Catarrh, Stuffiness in the Nose and 'Flu.	2/9, 4/6.
No. 394/T	Complete Four-fold Treatment for Piles. Price	7/9, 14/6.
No. 40	Works wonders for Backache, Lumbago, etc.	2/6, 4/6
No. 2457	Critical Time Tonic for Ladies. Price	2/6(72), 4/6(144)
No. 1282	Iodised Blood Tablets for Cleansing the Blood and removing Spring Rash. Price	4/6 (144), 13/- (432).
No. 986	Ox Gall Obesity Soap for Removing Fat. Price	1/3.
No. 850	Hair Falling Out, Alopecia, Psoriasis, Scaly Eczema, Scurf.	1/9 and 4/- per jar.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR PAIN AFTER EATING.

From now on eat and enjoy whatever you fancy in moderation without unpleasant "after-effects." Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions."

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Prices: 2/6 (144, 3 weeks' supply); 7/- (432 Tablets, 9 weeks' supply).

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are **POSITIVELY The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.**

NERVES, DEPRESSION,

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, BRAIN FAG, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY, NEURASTHENIA

are quickly banished by **"Brain Sparklers,"** the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. These magic pellets cure mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, make you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days. "Brain Sparklers" dispel **Absentmindedness, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-Down Condition, Sleeplessness, Weakness.** Doctors prescribe **"Brain Sparklers"** for Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Pressmen, Politicans, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain Workers. Ask for "Brain Sparklers" **(Shadforth Prescription No. 470.) A proved remedy.** Prices 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100). Don't fail to try this wonderful tonic. It does not harm the heart or stomach.

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. See No. 632.

EVERY WORKER AND HIS WIFE NEED THIS MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN & NERVES

LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE

A MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES!

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES, STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART, LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE

It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Many people who have been carried off during dangerous illness would have pulled through if their arteries had not imposed too great a strain on the heart. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** for Arterio Sclerosis rapidly **reduces high blood pressure** and tension. It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness;** it leads to restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1108/T.** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free by return post at above prices (abroad extra)

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LIMITED

(Dept. J.B. 94), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

and Branches

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Gamages, Harrods, Selfridges and leading chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return of post from Shadforth's.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

QUICK RELIEF & COMFORT FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Chronic Congestion, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the **Shadforth** surgery of the Blood's "Bladder Sanitation," immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. Their clothes, cool and neat. They sleep right. Start taking this general remedy and be quickly restored. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 666. Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills.)**

He needs "SHADFORTH" BLADDER COMFORTERS

"NEVERILL"

OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away.

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea.

BRACING DAILY TONIC! PRICES 6d. and 1/- (Post Free) IN AIRTIGHT TINS.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

(Prescription 888K).

All the prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the position and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

FREE

with every order.

"MY PRESCRIPTION FOR UNEMPLOYMENT"

together with valuable Health Hints.

By WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Ph.C.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and "My Prescription for Unemployment," will be forwarded post free by return.

John Bull, June 3/33. J.B. 94.

CUT OUT AND SEND WITH YOUR ORDER

54 B.7 Shakespeare

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A26